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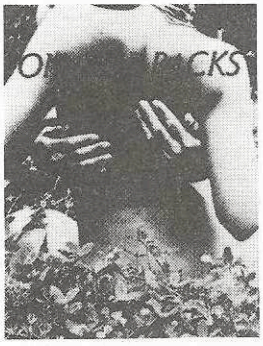

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- Leather in the wood
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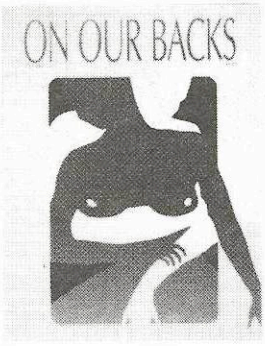

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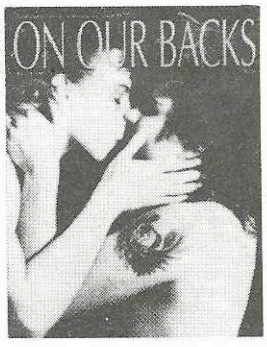

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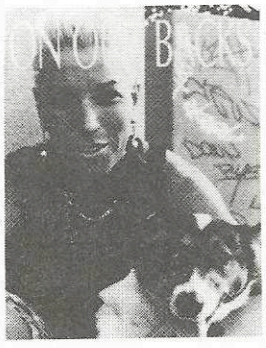

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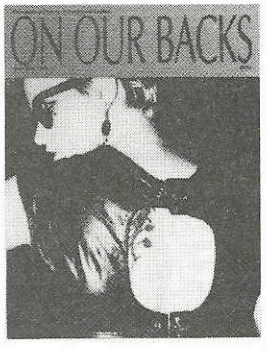

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Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian
ON OUR BACKS
Vol. 6 No. 2 Nov - Dec, 1989

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NO, STOP, DON'T . . . . . .

Please discontinue my subscription to *On Our Backs*. I was looking for a possible market for certain erotic fiction I've written, or at least a magazine that contained tasteful lesbian erotica, not hardcore lesbian pornography.

Frankly I would not submit my work to *On Our Backs* because I would be ashamed to show it to anyone. The degradation explicit in your photographs strikes me as viewing women in the same exploitative light of the patriarchs. In fact, I think straight men are a more realistic market for your magazine, as it feeds kinky sexual fantasies representative of a small percentage of the population.

I cannot support this depiction of the lesbian lifestyle.

Mary Compton
Ponte Vedre Beach, Fla.

MORE MUSCLE WOMEN . . . . . .

After seeing the picture of that magnificent blonde with straw hat and muscles on page 32 of your January-February 1989 issue, I didn't think it possible that you could give us anything more exciting to look at. But you have.

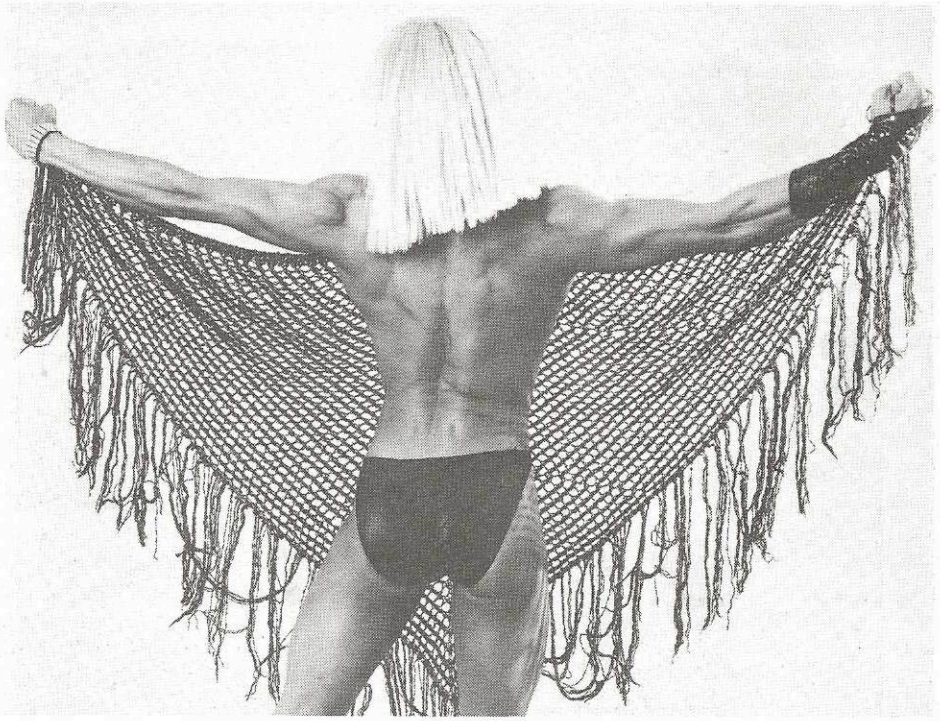
I've just spent a weekend mentally blown by the centerfold pictures of Heron in the July-August issue. What a beautiful woman she is! Strong legs and shoulders, and arms that look powerful enough to make you feel wanted. And I loved the little leather cap. Dare I ask for more butch muscle women in your wonderful mag?

Also, may I ask, if the girl on the left of the July-August cover was our own Susie Bright, then how tall is Veronica Vera?

K.L.
London

Dare you may. We see more tall, strong and handsome women in our future. How tall, you ask? Barefoot 5'10" Susie Bright graced the right *of the July-August issue, and Veronica Vera, standing 5'9" in pumps (5'5" without), kissed her from the left.*

GRACE LAU



LEARN FROM YOUR BROTHERS . . .

"When Girls Look At Boys" in the July issue absolutely astounded me. All I can say is it's about damn time somebody gave the boys some credit.

I am a lesbian and a master, not straight, not bi. I'd love to watch lesbian porn if there was some good hard-core stuff out there. I have "Shadows" from Fatale Video, and though it's very good in its own right, it's a little tame for the hardcore S/M aficionado. I would call it an appetizer without a main course — it leaves you hungry for more.

I'm not much into vanilla male porn, but some of it isn't bad. There's a vast selection of good male S/M out there, girls, from the very tame to the extremely hard-core. Take advantage of it — get off and get some good ideas at the same time.

So many lesbians think that men and women can't relate to each other. I have always found that S/M transcends that barrier. As the president of a newly formed leather social club for women and men, I find that I can talk shop (S/M shop) with men just as easily as I always have with women.

Girls — you can learn a hell of a lot from your brothers. Don't limit yourself to narrow-minded beliefs. What we men and women do in our bedrooms/blackrooms with our consent is our business, and if other people want to look through the blinds, let it be at their own risk. Stand up for your love rights!

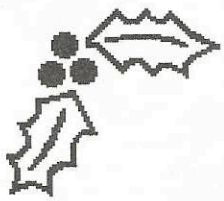
Nancy Lee Weinberger, President
Leather United, Chicago

CARDIAC ARREST . . . . . .

Susie Bright's review of *Hungry Hearts* in the July-August issue was

(continued on page 7)

Stuff this in her stocking



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(continued from page 5)
right on target. I initially purchased the video because I'm a horny lesbian and have been an admirer of Pepper since I saw *BurLEZk Live.* I certainly wasn't disappointed — she exudes sensuality in every scene. However, there is something about Reeva that will make her the subject of my day dreams, night dreams and wet dreams for some time to come.

When I first saw the scene where Reeva straps it on, I almost went into cardiac arrest, partly out of lust, but more out of relief. My lover of four years and I are both femme. She had always refused to incorporate a dildo into our lovemaking, believing that it would, through some diabolical power, turn whoever put it on butch. That's not a very likely prospect where I'm concerned, but I know being fucked with a dildo turns me on.

The good news: after seeing *Hungry Hearts,* my lover is willing — no, eager — to let me have it, so to speak. If Pepper and Reeva inspire her this much, I can't wait for the sequel.

Dory Drago
Long Island City, NY

Not much choice . . . . . .

I regretfully am forced to cease carrying your magazine in my bookstore, as the Colorado Springs District Attorney is on a personal crusade to save us all.

Colorado Springs is the melting pot for any and all religion and religious nuts. The D.A. has chosen pornography as his personal crusade, and all of the small business owners will suffer, since we don't have the financial support to fight this censorship.

The D.A. is making up his own rules as he goes along. The following is from an article in our local paper: "Persons who promote materials which contain explicit pictorial representations or depictions of ultimate sex acts" may be prosecuted.

The state law bans promotion of the sale of materials appealing to the "prurient interest in sex" as determined by the average person applying contemporary community standards. If a raid occurred, both the owner and the employee who sell or rent materials could be arrested. If convicted of promoting obscenity, a misdemeanor, a person could spend three to 12 months in jail and pay a $200 to $1000 fine. So, as you can see, I don't have much of a choice.

Cheryl Gad
Together As One Bookstore
Colorado Springs, CO

If On Our Backs succumbed to every censor's whim we'd end up publishing napkin-folding instructions. We're not going to stop showing real women having lesbian sex and we'll give whatever support we can to bookstores who won't be intimidated.

Paint it blue . . . . . .

The latest fad here in Atlanta, for we who are in the closet, is to paint the center toenail on the right foot an odd color from the rest of our polished toenails. The I.D. process is really catching on. At the spa and pools in the apartment complexes all of the femmes and butches are looking at each other's toenail polish. The out-of-closet types just paint their center toenails on the right foot. Most use dark blue.

Toenail Sweater
Atlanta, Ga.

Catholic guilt . . . . . .

I heard of your magazine from a radio program which aired yesterday from San Francisco, called "Fresh Air." It was a breath of fresh air to have feminine fantasies openly discussed. I had the impression that I was the only one who had them, and so I spoke with no one. It is worth the price of a subscription to waylay a lifetime of Catholic guilt.

Celie Lupinski
Chicago, IL

Trapped in bible belt . . . . . .

Being working–class mothers, we seldom frequent the bars, and when we do we only patronize the small lesbian bars. On a whim we went to a larger bar that's mostly men. While there we picked up a copy of *Etcetera* Magazine and were greatly excited to find your lesbian erotica ad at the back.

We can hardly wait for the first issue to arrive. Rest assured that everyone who passes our threshold will be introduced to your wonderful product. Hopefully we can help our small, faltering lesbian community into the 20th century and out of the closet. Being trapped in the Baptist Bible belt sure doesn't make it easy to be a lesbian. Having contact with the larger lesbian community might help.

Chris and Jo Fuller
Georgia

Driven to distraction . . . . .

Help! I have been driving two hours to Greensboro to pick up my copy of *On Our Backs,* but alas, no more. The last two times the owner of the gay bookstore sent them back because they contained penetration. Give me a break! What is going on?

Janet Blevens
Jefferson, NC

It's called censorship, also known as Big Brother, and Blaming the World's Problems on Pornography. States such as North Carolina, which have the most oppressive climates for gay and sexual liberties in general, are imposing state-wide rules regarding what is obscene, which in some cases includes any portrayal of penetration. If On Our Backs *succumbed to every censor's whim we'd end up publishing napkin-folding instructions. We're not going to stop showing real women having lesbian sex and we'll give whatever support we can to bookstores who won't be intimidated.*

In the meantime...subscribe.

ABSOLUTELY PIERCED

The Needle-Point Moment of Truth

"Why'd ya do it?" Some people hear that question their whole lives, but it's only been popped to me since I got my labia pierced.

No matter what impression you've gathered in these columns, I have always been an obedient, people-pleasing kind of girl: I never fantasized running away to the circus; I wouldn't consider wearing, shaving or branding a mohawk. I do have one faded tattoo but it only covers a small patch on my shoulder blade—a fountain pen with roses laid over a sword.

So what's with putting a ring through one nether lip? I got the idea four years ago when my friend Fanny decided to pierce her labia and we all agreed to photograph the event for *On Our Backs* (Winter 86).

> *I saved my stained kleenex for posterity*

I remember two things from that afternoon—Fanny was cool from start to finish, sporting a perfect gold ring that shone through her blonde pubes at the end of it. Her piercing artist, Raelyn Gallina, was one of the most down-to-earth, body-reverent women I'd ever met. I'm surprised she doesn't have a line around the block of petitioners seeking just a touch from her healing hands.

I replayed that afternoon many times over since 1985. I watched Fanny strip at the Mitchell Brothers, removing a gaudy bauble from her ears and attaching it to swing like an exotic pendulum from her pussy. I'll never forget the time one man in the audience literally keeled over in his plush seat, gasping "I'm going to fucking die" as she swayed and dipped inches from his awe-struck view. It was pretty exciting.

I met other men and women who pierced their genitals, and in each case, no matter what I thought of their body parts, I found the jewel made it appreciably more beautiful.

I also found it—you can dim the lights now—irresistably romantic. No firelight or white lace hankies for me—just a labia ring and thou art mine. So much more serious than a sweater pin, a thousand times more erotic than a wedding band!

SUSIE BRIGHT

–an emblem of sexual possession and empowerment all in the same tiny circle of stainless steel.

Or as my friend Dominga said when I pulled down my pants for show-and-tell, "How good to put something so beautiful in the most beautiful part of your body." Exactamente.

If you're like most of my friends, you've raced through all my tender descriptions to get to what outsiders perceive to be the heart of the matter. "Didn't it hurt?"

Well, look at my photograph. That is my dead-honest, needle-point reaction and it lasted two seconds, tops. There was a tiny amount of blood and I saved my stained Kleenex for posterity.

I was apprehensive about the pain all those years I fantasized about doing it. The key to my courage was when I realized that, while I'm a full-blown sissy where my own body is concerned, I have the nerves of a tiger when it comes to my

JILL POSENER

friends and family. I needed to be inspired by someone else's pain. When my sister-in-sex-work, Lisa LaBia, arrived in town from Minneapolis, we decided that the family that pierces together stays together.

I was so full of myself being "brave for her" (squeezing her palm reassuringly) that you could have knocked me over with a feather when she shook loose my hand and said, "I want to go first." I watched her big blue eyes get wide as pies as Raelyn pushed the needle through, and she threw her head back in the prettiest little cry of anguish I've ever seen.

I'm afraid I wasn't nearly as sexy at the crucial moment. My split-second reaction was one of pure anger, and the thought that crossed my brow was, "Who the hell let you in?"

But afterwards you could not get the mirror out of my hands. I love the amethyst bead on the ring that lies so contentedly on my right lip. It healed completely in three days with just a little Neosporin to ease the initial tenderness.

No, it does not get in the way of fucking. It's right in the middle of my labia, neither touching my clit or my urethra. I don't feel it unless someone touches it. It did have a surprising sound effect the first time I used my vibrator. Not as pure a tone as a tuning fork, but I'll pass on sound for the superior sensation.

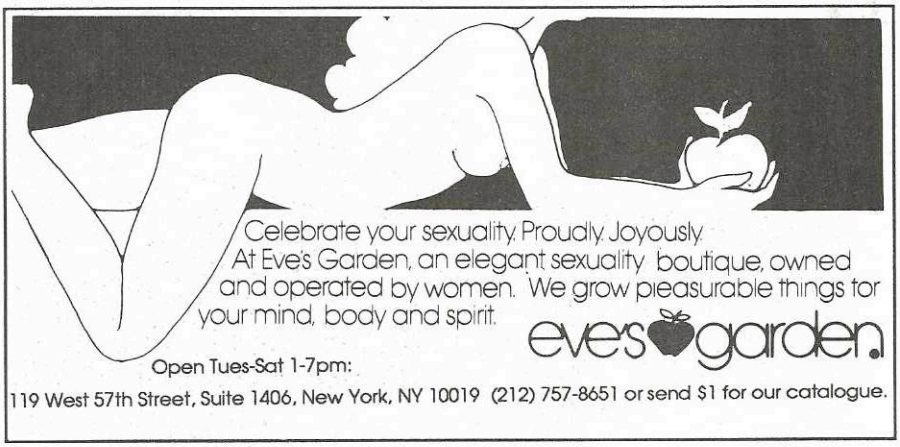
I'm not the type to attribute unexplainable spiritual forces to the daily events of my life. But my piercing certainly provoked rushes of irrational feeling that I couldn't have predicted beforehand.

Compared to the first day of my period (when I was 14 and bored to death with the whole thing) my piercing had me in an ecstatic female fever. It was all I could do to keep from yelling "I am WOMAN, hear me roar!" (And I'm convinced now that Helen Reddy must have multiple genital piercings.)

I assure you that the pain of piercing is fleeting compared to going to the dentist, delivering a baby or stubbing your toe.

But, because this particular pain is premeditated and chosen, there is a pride and sweetness to it that I value as much in memory as I do the present adornment. If Jane Fonda can tell you to "feel the burn," why can't I? The pain was a sensational climax to a rite of passage I've felt traces of when I've aroused a lover to total madness or brought my own orgasm to the tips of my fingers.

Pussy Power— the clit that rocks the needle rules the world. Δ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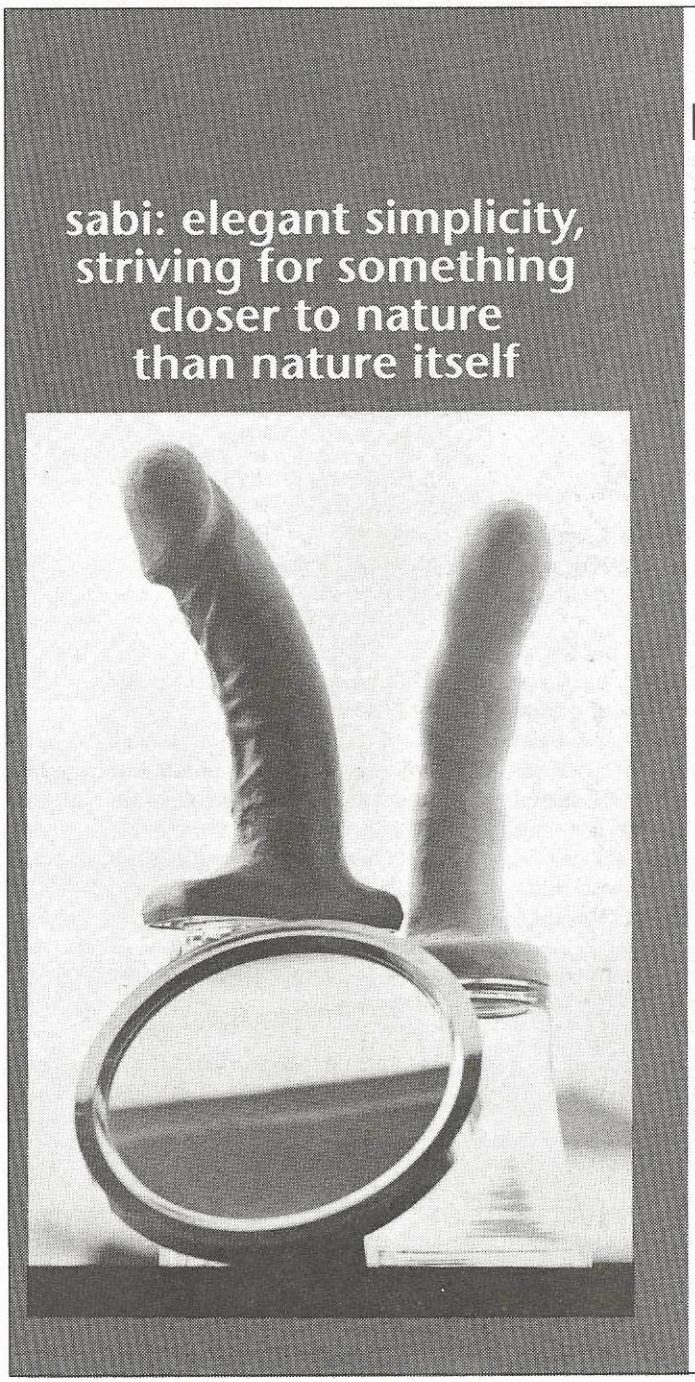

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ASK FANNY

. . . "MY CLIT WAS HIDING FOR DEAR LIFE . . . "

HOW TO AVOID FLIMSY EXCUSES

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

Dear Fanny: I'm worried that I am becoming a very strange human being who is headed towards a life of total celibacy and solitude.

After five years of writing pornography, performing telephone sex, and theorizing endlessly on the subject of sexual technique, sexual expression and freedom from censorship, I find myself almost completely averse to real live sexual encounters, with all the hassles and emotional upsets they entail. It's just so much easier to gratify myself with dildo and vibrator while pumping out the smut for everyone else.

I'm not really unhappy, but I am worried that I've moved beyond accepted norms of human behavior. What do you think of this situation? Do you have any advice or words of wisdom?

Sunk

Dear Sunk: *Hey sister sex worker! You **are** unhappy. Looks like it is not The Biz that has become a grind, but your personal sex life is definitely in danger.*

I know, as sex workers we are supposed to be the sexual sophisticates, immune from the hazards that all "normal" folk can fall prey to. But shutting down sexually happens to nearly everyone, in and out of the sex biz, at some point. The isolation caused by lack of physical and emotional contact with others creates a Catch-22. The less contact you have, the less you feel you want it, and the harder it becomes to break this downward cycle and reach out.

Get a grip. Isolating yourself is the easy way out. You turn off because you feel needy, vulnerable and desperate. A vibrator and a porn book, for all their benefits, can't continue to be the only thing in your life. Get a massage, preferably a sexual one at a parlor, or call an escort service. Ask for a lesbian or bi-sexual. I don't need to tell you that there are plenty of gay gals whose workday would be lightened by a call from a woman.

Place a personal ad. Writing the ad will get you in touch with what you want in your life, and the surprises in your mail box will bolster your self-esteem.

Plaster a sexy smile on your face and get out. Tell your friends you need extra hugs and caresses. When the intimate moment finally arrives, and it will, soak it up and cry it all out. Anyone who doesn't understand that is an asshole, so keep looking and don't give in.

JUST SAY NO

Dear Fanny: I have a question about dating etiquette. I meet a fair number of women through the personal ads, which is something of a crapshoot. I've met some great women and had some hot times, and have also met women that I have absolutely zero interest in seeing again.

Usually, if I'm not interested in the date then neither is she — the chemistry just isn't there. But how should I handle it if she wants to further the connection and I don't?

I don't want to be rude, but I also don't want to go out with someone and keep her hopes up because I'm too chicken to say no.

Up till now, I've played the Slippery Nebulous Void game — ignoring messages, making flimsy excuses. But that feels dishonest, and it doesn't always work. How can I let someone know that I don't want to spend time with her without being a callous bitch?

Van de Bilt with Guilt

Dear Van de Bilt: *I cracked my knuckles and rolled up my sleeves when I read your question because personal ads are a favorite topic of mine.*

I walked out in the middle of my first personal ad date. I was after a discreet sexual affair, and wanted someone sophisicated and adventurous. The date told me over the phone of eye-raising exploits she and her girlfriend had had together, which got my juices going. Unexpectedly, we agreed to a date for the three of us.

I was hungry that night and dressed to the teeth. Girlfriend was nervous and looked like she had just finished vacuum-

HONEY LEE COTTRELL

ing. My answeree proved to be interested in sexual gymnastics but oblivious to sexual style or intelligence. The bar was suddenly too noisy and hot. My clit was hiding for dear life.

I interrupted their inane conversation, and said, "This is not what I was looking for. Thank you. Goodnight," and walked out as cool as I could.

Hard thing to do. Very hard. Yet what was I supposed to do? Sit there all night nodding politely, when it was the last place I wanted to be?

This is the jewel about personal ads: 1) you have to spend time seriously asking yourself what you want and write it down; 2) you get a cast of applicants who respond to your desires; 3) you can have a personal interview to answer each other's questions and test your clit. It's ingenious. Clean.

Any relationship that starts out with that much self-knowledge and mutual agreement has a head start on success. Think of your usual meetings: chance encounters, sexual attractions. You don't know what she wants and she doesn't know what you want. You both play wait-and-see while projecting your fantasies onto each other. A snowball's chance in hell for happiness. But back to how to let them down...

My second date was fascinating intellectually, though I knew physically she wasn't right. But I decided to see the evening out, because I enjoyed her thoughts and energy.

At the end of dinner, she was waiting for the verdict.

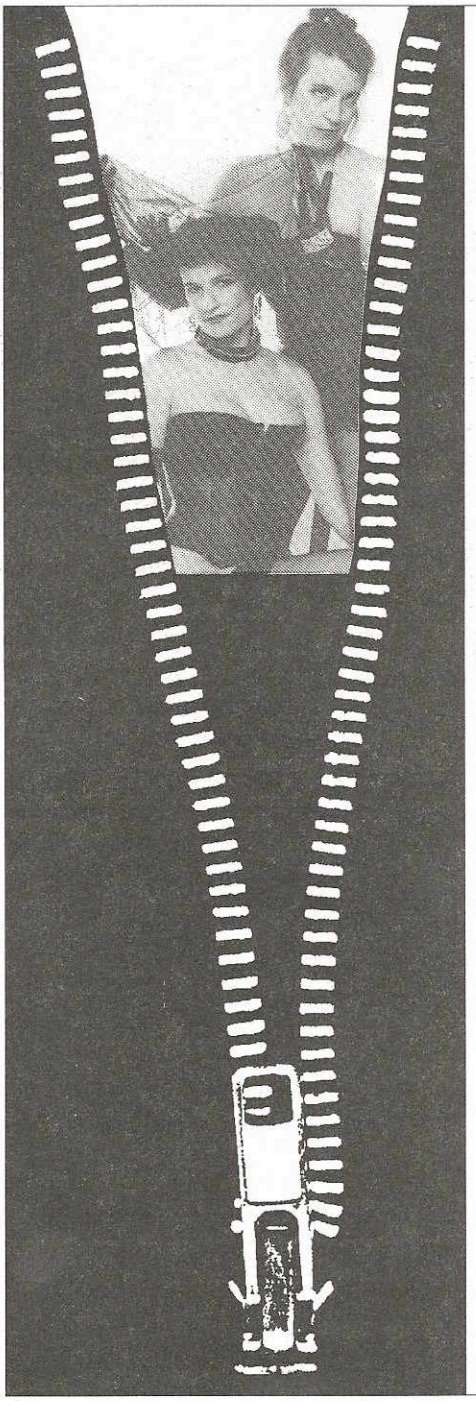
I took a deep breath, and stammered, "I have really enjoyed this evening with you. You are a wonderful person. It's hard for me to tell you that sexually I'm not interested."

She, being a gentlewoman, cast her eyes down as if to say she figured that was true and wished it wasn't. I squeezed her hand and wished her well, crestfallen with my second strike-out, feeling rotten about my fussy pussy. She deserved everything in life and me nothing. It was raining, too.

Thank god I was so doggedly determined to find the Real Thing. Date number three was instantaneous attraction. Bingo. A wet dream sprung to life.

Moral: don't waste valuable engery on the wrong person simply because you can't say no—it is energy you could be spending on finding Ms. Dream Cum True. Δ

Ladies, send your queries about lesbian life and love to Ask Fanny, 526 Castro St, San Francisco, CA 94114.



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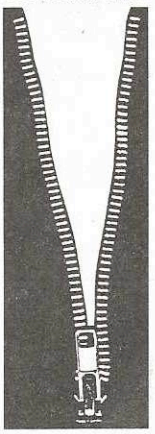

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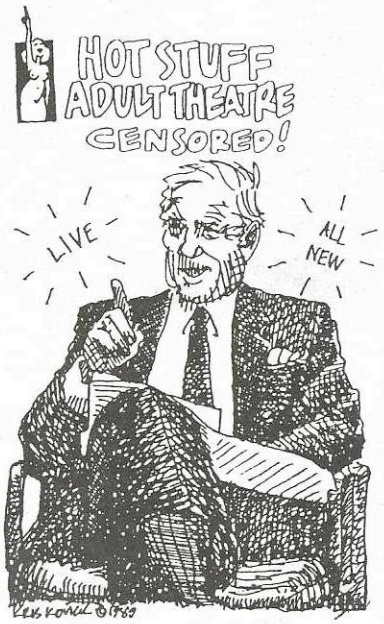


DANNEMEYER READING FROM THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD! BANNED IN ANAHEIM!

"Rimming, or one man using his tongue to lick the rectum of another man; golden showers, having one man or men urinate on another man or men; fisting or handballing, which has one man insert his hand and/or part of his arm into another man's rectum; and using what are euphemistically termed "toys" such as one man inserting dildos, certain vegetables, or light bulbs up another man's rectum."

The **On Our Backs** award for **Most Unique Publication of Pornography** goes to **Rep. William Dannmeyer** (R–Calif.) for reading this gem into the **Congressional Record.**

Rep. Dannmeyer, whose obsession with homosexual behavior has led him to introduce some of the ugliest anti–gay legislation around, wants mainstream America to be familiar with these "activities peculiar to homosexuality." (Lord knows straight people never insert anything into their rectums.)

Presumably, Joe and Mary All–American will find so repulsive the fact that "the average homosexual has 1,000 or more sexual partners in his lifetime" and that we practice "anal penetration" and "mutual oral sodomy," that they'll oppose any attempt to give us civil rights. It could just give them ideas.

Interestingly, the response of Mr. Dannmeyer's fellow lawmakers seems to be acute discomfort and a heartfelt desire that he would just quietly go away. An attempt by Mr. Dannmeyer to place a similarly graphic depiction of gay sex into the Republican Party agenda was called "obscene," "offensive," and "an embarrassment" by his fellow Republicans. Dannmeyer, an obscene, offensive embarrassment? We hate to say it, but for once we agree with the Republicans.

The Lesbian Guide to *The Andy Warhol Diaries*

Dying to know which of your favorite celebrities are really dykes, but don't want to shell out the 30 bucks for the **Gospel According to Andy?**

Well, don't waste your money. With over 800 pages of bitchy voyeurism and catty name–dropping, there's virtually nothing in Warhol's dyke–phobic diaries about which famous society ladies are going down on each other.

Gossip columnist **Liz Smith** is coupled with some chick named **Iris Love** over half a dozen times; **Fran Lebowitz** had her arm around some girl at a party; **Lily Tomlin** and **Jane Wagner** kissed on closing night of their play (what a surprise) — and that's it! The man had the scoop on hundreds of famous faggots — why can't we get our fair share of sleaze?

NO, VALERIE SOLANIS, THE WOMAN WHO SHOT HIM. HE DOESN'T SAY MUCH, THOUGH.

Celebrate Diversity — Our Way

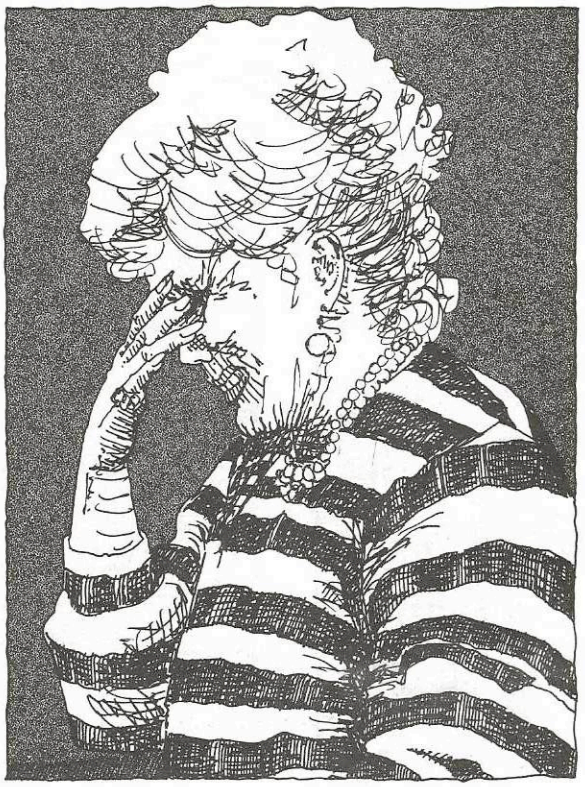
This year's **Michigan Women's Music Festival** was a time for women to come together and sing, dance, meet friends, rejoice in womanhood, and repress deviant sexuality.

Several weeks before the Festival, a group of lesbian separatists, **SEPS Against Sado-Masochism,** circulated a letter announcing their intent to "make sado-masochists uncomfortable at Michigan," to "disrupt their activities," and to "serve notice to them that **they are no longer welcome at OUR festival.**" The letter, which said that S/M lesbians are "heteropatriarchal" and "thrive on violence" directed against them, cautioned that any anti-S/M action at Michigan should be "outside of the power-over dichotomies that give them pleasure." We're not sure what it means to intimidate people without asserting power over them.

The main conflict at Michigan turned out to be between the leaders of the S/M community and the Festival itself, primarily over the issue of S/M play parties. The lead organizer of **the Whips** (women organizing the S/M contigent at Michigan) claims that the Festival systematically repressed and harassed the S/M women, denied them play space and disrupted play parties, and refused to discuss the issue clearly and explicitly. **Lisa Vogel,** co-producer of the Festival, denies the bulk of these accusations. She says that although the Festival is unwilling to take legal responsibility for sanctioning S/M play space, they have absolutely no problem with S/M at the Festival—their objection was to loud disruptive private parties in community space.

YOU BETTER SEND SECURITY... SOME MILITANT VANILLAS ARE CHALLENGING THE S/M DYKES TO A GAME OF ULTIMATE MOTHER MAY I. IT'S GONNA BE TROUBLE!

The **vanilla militia** did get their licks in, though—complaining to the management, screaming insults at women going up the trail to S/M events, and plastering the porta-jeans with anti-S/M flyers. Ironically, the Festival was accused of being pro-S/M for tearing down these flyers, which they considered to be "violent."



Dykes in Stripes

Speaking of celebrities, **Zsa Zsa Gabor** has said that, "the most beautiful women in the world are my friends." But **Zsa Zsa** apparently wants to keep more than a friendly distance.

Threatened with the possibility of doing time in the slammer, **Zsa Zsa** expressed her reservations about life inside: "I have claustrophobia and would be very unhappy in jail. And besides, they are all lesbians in jail and I'm so scared of lesbians. Can you imagine being in jail with all those women?"

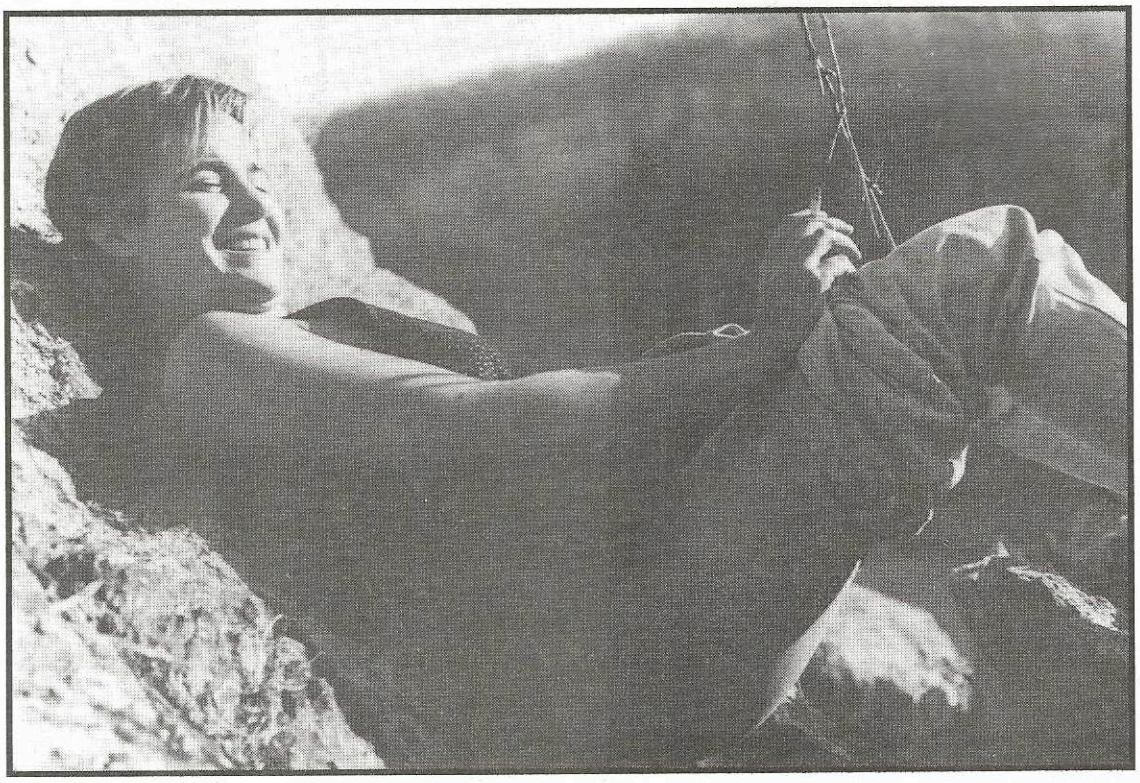
Scared of lesbians? What is she doing in Beverly Hills?

Heard any interesting news or good gossip that you'd like to see in Sextracts? Chances are we'd like to see it too! Send it in to: Sextracts, ***On Our Backs***, 526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Sextracts: Greta Christina
Illustrations: Kris Kovick

I Was A Lesbian Sex Addict

If A Sexual Anorexic Is Puking Her Process Then Isn't She A Sexual Bulemic?



A true-to-form Level 3 Sex Addict

I am a sex addict, of the severest sort. I haven't felt like such a bad girl in a very long time. How do I know that I am in the throes of sex addiction? Because I have just finished reading *Escape From Intimacy*, a 12-step recovery book about sex, romance, and relationship addictions by Anne Schaef. Now everybody has a chance to classify themselves on the sex addiction scale.

Level One : Repressive sexual addiction. Characteristics include "frigidity, impotence, non–integrated celibacy, religious sexual obsession, and the treating of others as sexual objects." The level serves to demonstrate that Schaef is pro-sex—she can help people who have too little sex. Shaef does want people to have sex — but only certain kinds.

Level Two : Passive Sexual Addiction—includes "obsessive sexual fantasizing, passive pornography, voyeurism."

Level Three : Sexual Acting Out. Includes "masturbation, exhibitionism, prostitution, active pornography, 'New Age sexual freedom', using one's sexual partner as an object to get a sexual 'fix,' voyeurism–exhibitionism, public masturbation, sexual telephone calls (sending and receiving), sexual touching fixes, and autoerotic asphyxia."

LUCY LINDERMAN

Level Four : Violent Sexual Behavior. Includes "individuals involved with child prostitution rings, rape, incest, child molestation, sadomasochistic sex, and other forms of sexual violence."

Anne Schaef pretends that the levels of sex addiction aren't really levels of severity, but we all know that a level four sex addict must be worse than a level two,which is even far worse than no sex addiction at all.

Remember a couple of points when classifying yourself on this scale. First, your behaviors need not be compulsive to be sex addiction. All of Schaef's examples are of people who act compul-

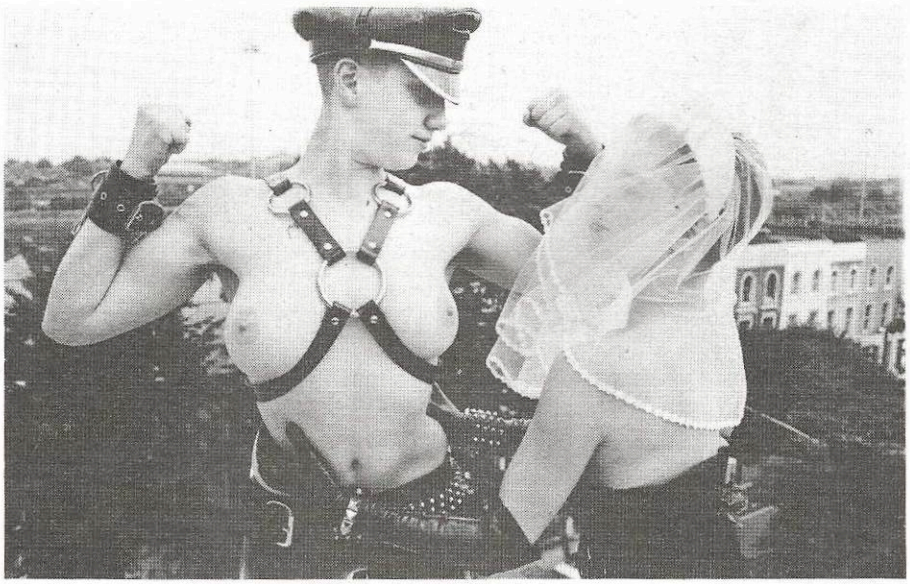
(continued on page 37)

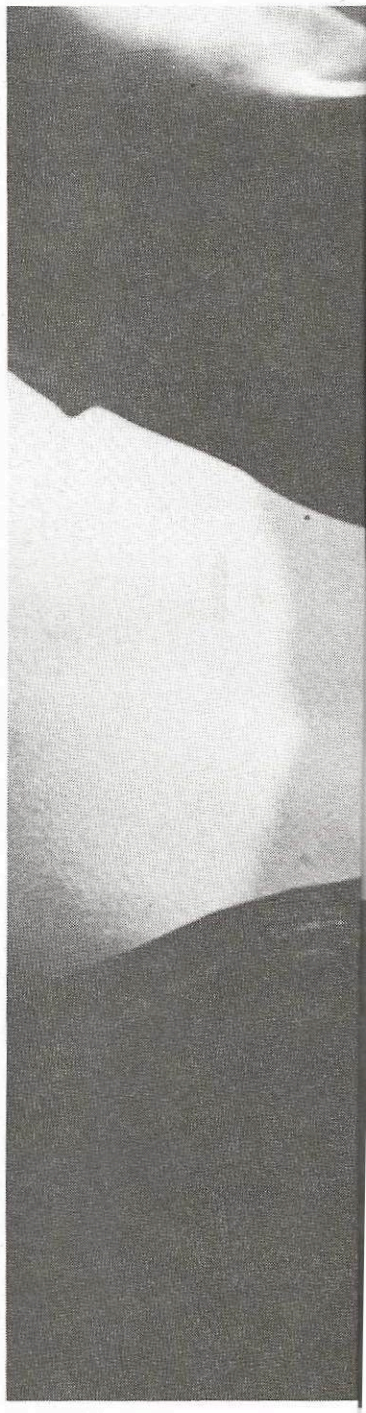
EVANS/BRILL

HITCHED

to the Bitch

EVANS/BRILL



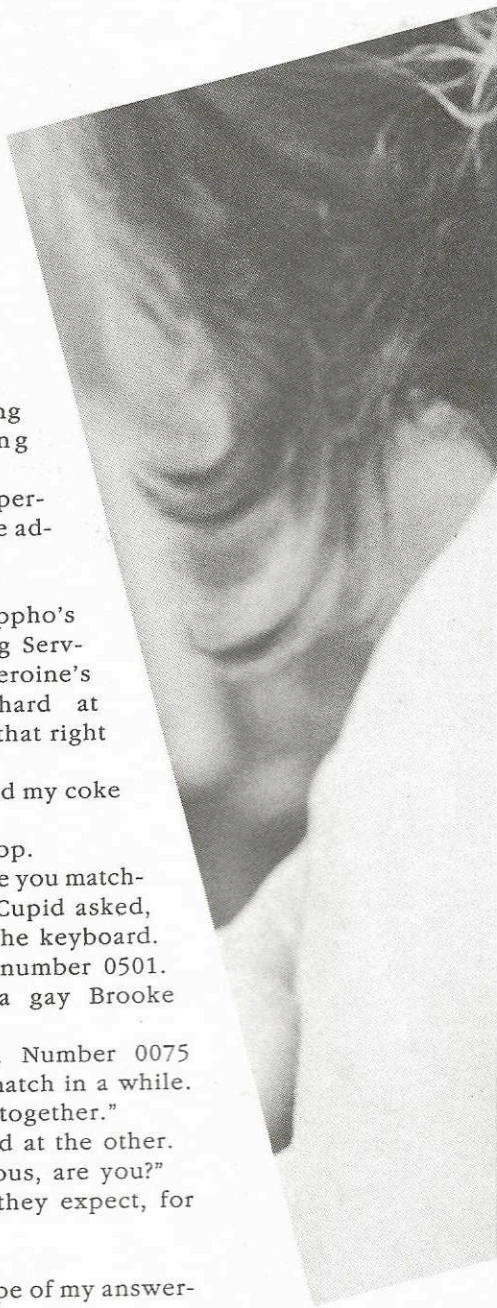


photos: DELLA DISGRACE

models: PERI & ROBYN

COMPUTER BLUE

"She's looking for a gay Brooke Shields"



"Lonely? Looking for that right one, or just wanting to get rid of the wrong one? Tired of your friends playing matchmaker? We can help! We are Sappho's Computerized Dating Service. Simply fill out the questionnaire below and mail $50 check or money order to..."

It figures I'd get this in my post office box today. As a subscriber to a lesbian magazine, I was on every gay mailing list from here to Rhode Island. Yet, it also figured that at this time in my life, I was alone and single. Sappho's seemed to know this.

I spent the last of my No. 2 pencil on their final questions:

12. Type of personality you are seeking:

❑ Romantic (candlelight dinners, soft music, etc.)

❑ Fun loving (wine, women, song and dance)

❑ Couch potato (beer, the ol' lady, videos)

13. Femininity/Social Attire

❑ A. "36-27-33" (no comment)

❑ B. "Guppie" (Gay urban professional)

❑ C. Butch (Yes, we can find a "Joan Jett" for you!)"

"You did what?" Justine laughed, shaking her head.

"I signed up for a computer dating service," I repeated, a little more quietly.

"What are you, desperate? Those places are a ripoff."

Leave it to loving and understanding friends.

"No, I am not desperate, just seeking some adventure."

(Meanwhile,at Sappho's Computerized Dating Service, our hapless heroine's matchmakers are hard at work, searching for that right one)

"Shit! I just spilled my coke in the disk drive."

Fizz...crackle...pop.

"Oh no! Who were you matching?" the other Ms. Cupid asked, quickly wiping off the keyboard.

"This one here, number 0501. She's looking for a gay Brooke Shields."

"Wait a minute. Number 0075 hasn't had a good match in a while. Let's get these two together."

Ms. Cupid looked at the other.

"You're not serious, are you?"

"Well, what do they expect, for fifty bucks?"

I rewound the tape of my answering machine when I got home from work and began to search through the fridge for dinner.

"Hi, uh, I hate this machine. It's me, Justine. Call me later...beep... click...beep... hello dear, it's Mom. Call me when you get home...beep

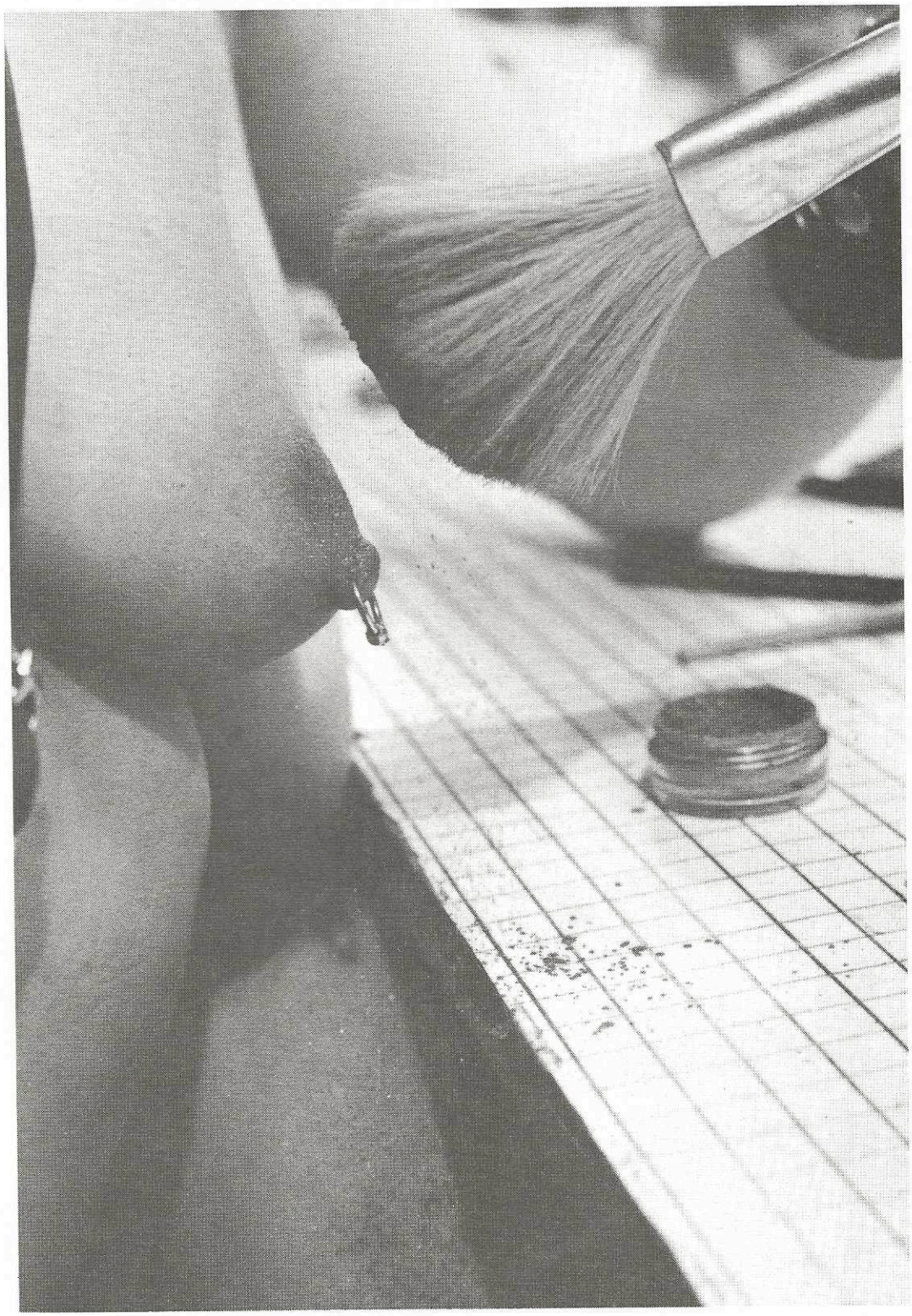
(continued on page 43)

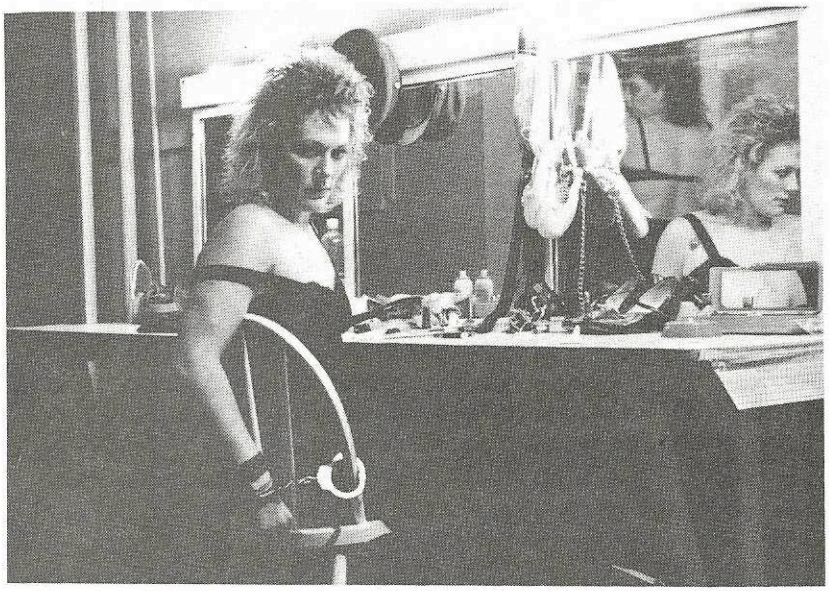
by Mickey Warnock
photo by Annie Sprinkle

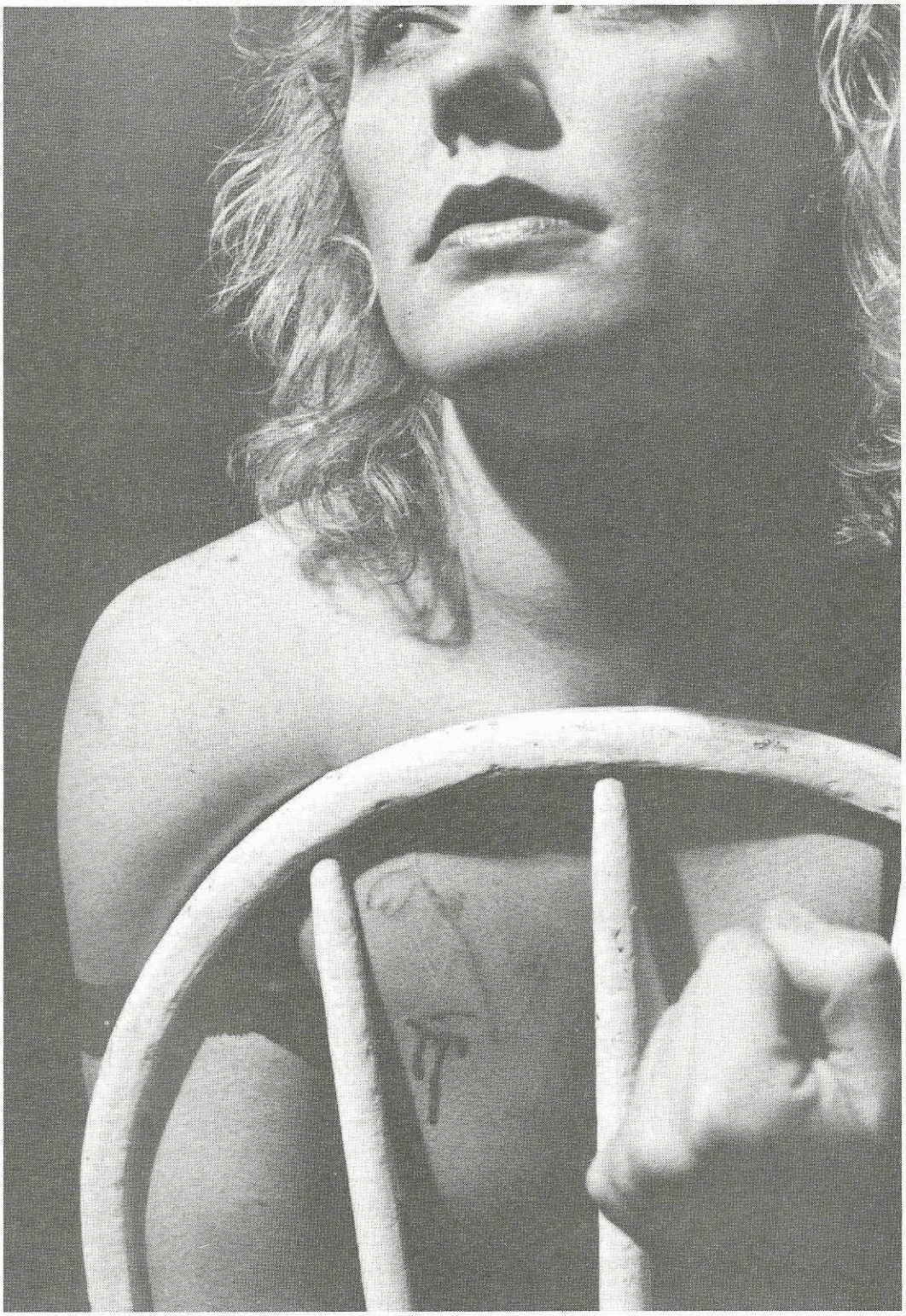
Photos: CATHY LEE PROCHAZKA

PANDORA'S BOX

Models: DEBRA and LAUREN







by Deanna J. Locke

Private Collection

I slid the hose between my legs and shoe-shined it over my pulsing clit.

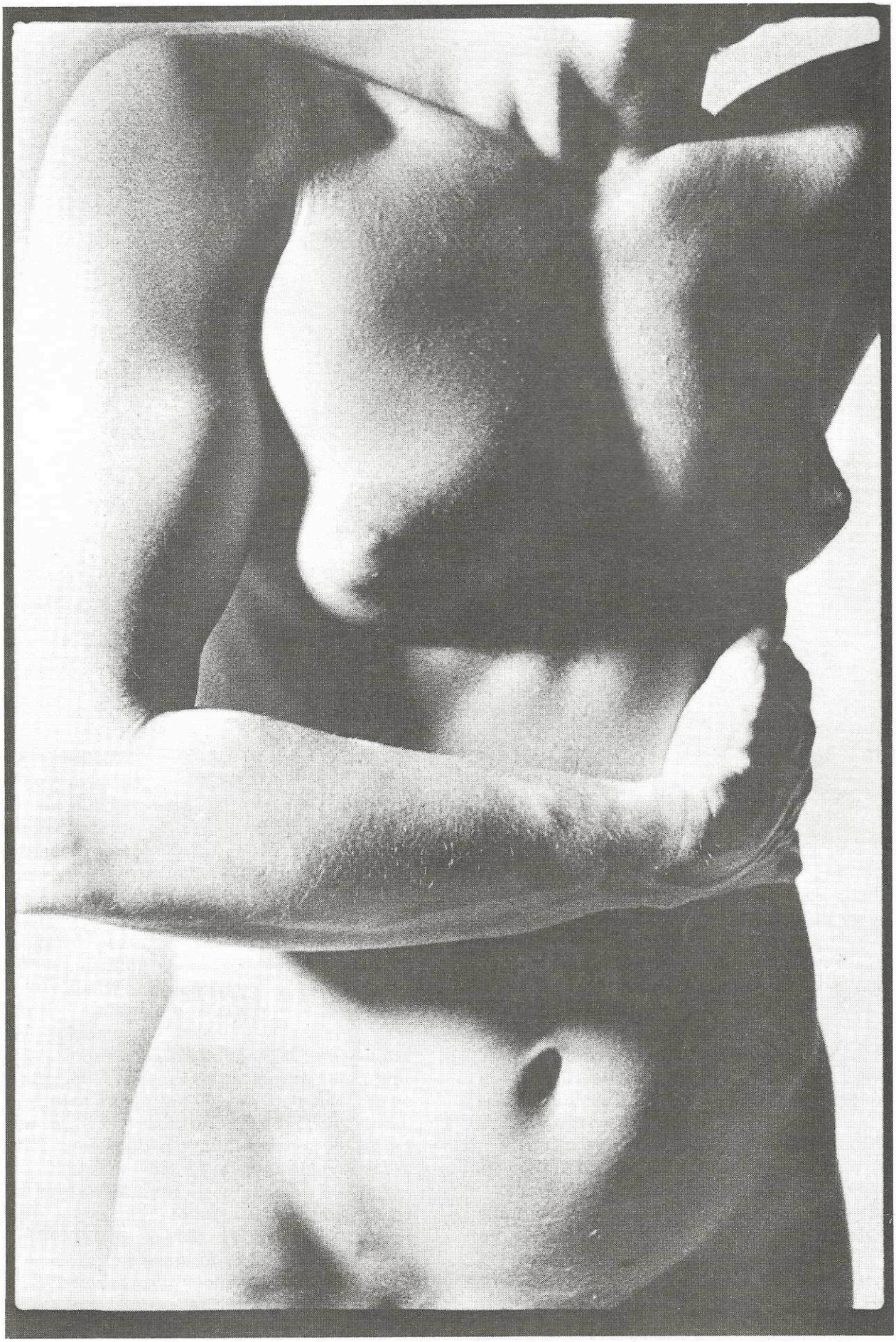
photo by Katherine Enos

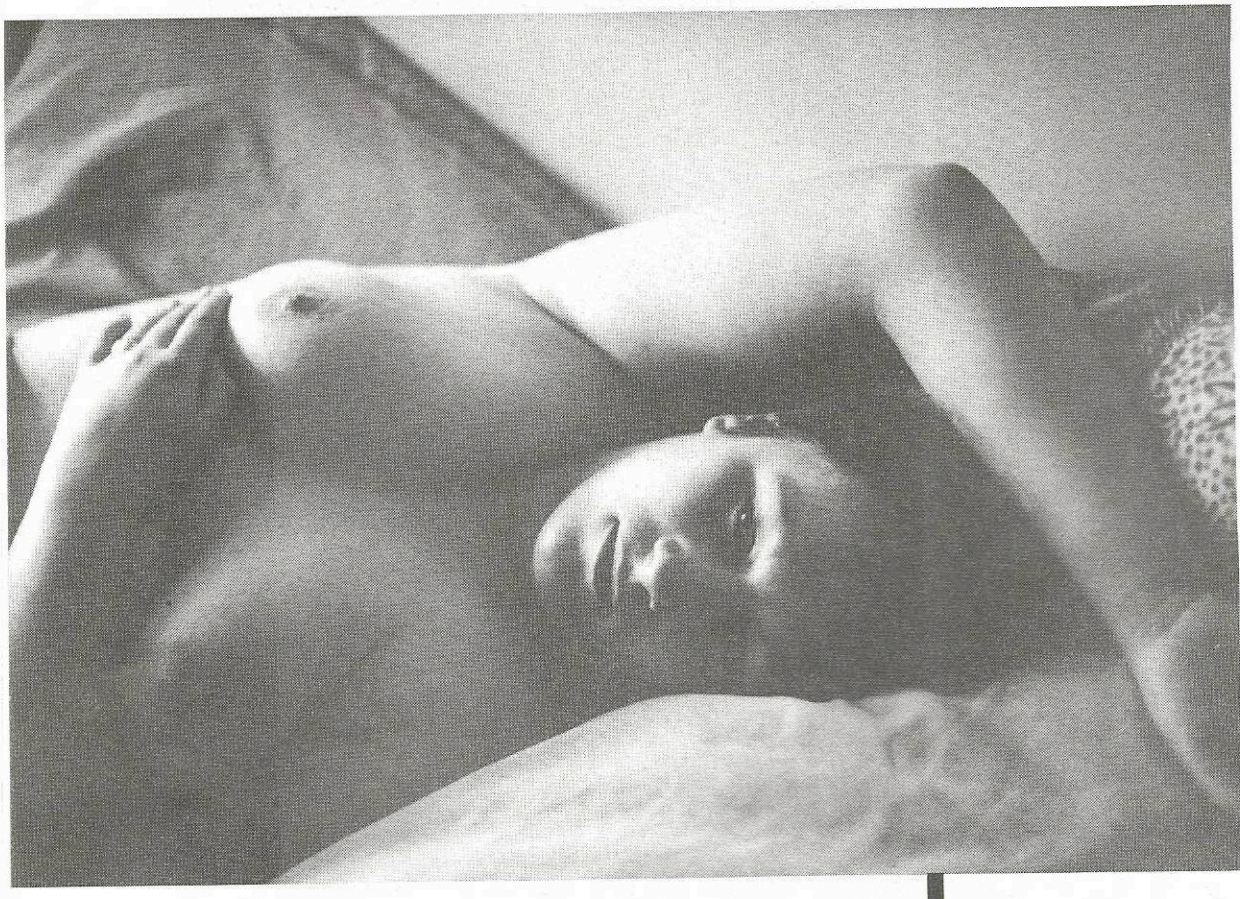
The statue stood nearly finished in pale luminescence. I brushed the marble dust from my clothes and peeled off the respirator mask. I had to blow the fine grit off my safety glasses to step back and admire the work.

She was a beaut, this one. Standing slightly shorter than myself, she needed only a bit more polish before her stony eyes would draw the viewer into a pool deeper than any well. I brushed the loose bits of stone from around her legs and felt the slight roughness left to the calves and at the back of her buttocks. In a day or two, she'd be the perfect woman.

It was sad to think of the end to all my meticulous labor. I was numb

(continued on page 41)





I stopped trying to control my tears, sucking her into me again and again.

Tea & Sympathy

by Marea Murray
photo by Jill Posener

New in town, I saw her at one of my first meetings. She didn't notice me but I watched her as she embraced friends and leaned into a couple of the women in that intimate way that told me they'd been lovers. She was long, wiry and handsome in her leathers. I stored the memory and licked my lips as I walked out into the night.

A few weeks later I saw her again, at a Speaker meeting. Tears in her eyes, she spoke briefly about her recent grief and wanting to drink. I wondered how much time she had in her programs.

My sponsor had been pressing me to raise my hand but I needed no prompting this night. She called on me and I began, how it was to be new in the city, mourning, and feeling alone. I didn't know how long I'd spoken; certainly I forgot most of what I'd said. I only remember the cold sweat I felt when her eyes met mine. Even across the room they seemed to be melting.

She gave me her phone number afterwards.

"When did your friend die?" I asked.

She looked away and then at her feet. I did too. Her jackboots were shiny but not new. "Last week," came her choked reply.

I deliberated for a moment, then came out with it. "I do AIDS work."

I might have added I was sorry, but it seemed unnecessary...and lame.

She asked me if she could give me a ride home. I knew something else was going on. I knew I wanted her for lots of reasons.

Home wasn't far and, relieved that my roommates were out, I invited her in for some tea. She took it black.

"How many friends have you lost?"

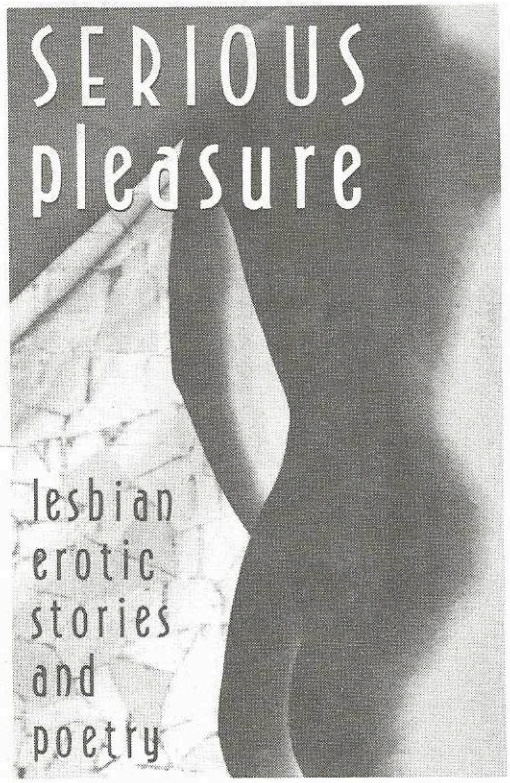
I heard my automatic pilot voice break it down to friends, acquaintances, clients. She reached across the table and put her hand on mine. I shivered.

"Too many," I whispered as my throat constricted. "And you?"

She just shook her head and gazed out the window like it was another world. I thought of John, in a similar pose at the hospital before he died.

We sipped our tea as I held her hand, urging myself back into this *(continued on pg 39)*

CLOSE YOUR EYES AND THINK OF ENGLAND



SERIOUS PLEASURE: LESBIAN EROTIC STORIES AND POETRY

Edited by The Sheba Collective

Sheba Feminist Publishers, 1989

Erotica From British Feminists

This, the first collection of erotic stories by a feminist publisher in Britain, is both courageous and cautious. Courageous for existing and cautious of existing in an area of publishing fraught with political and personal minefields. It took two readings and even a third of some stories for the power of this anthology to really stir me. What was I expecting?

This collection, though not exclusively from British writers, has emerged from the bleak Britain of the 80s. And emerged like a beacon of sexual liberation out of the fog and mist. Very British, it seemed to me on first reading—nervous, tentative and trying to be all things, to cover all the bases. "The differences within Serious Pleasure are framed by a feminist perspective which is informed by a radical approach to the politics of sex, race, class and culture", the Sheba Collective explains in a wordy but worthy introduction.

The publishers have not only published a book of stories but are situating themselves bang in the middle of the lesbian sexuality debate. The introduction touches on many of the hardest and thorniest issues facing writers and publishers of lesbian erotica. In some ways it made the whole project into more an education than a sensuous presentation of lesbian fantasy and sexuality. And as I stumbled through the stories, pulled on by some, hindered by others, I wanted somebody to break through the paper-thin walls screaming and surging with the passion that we all know is the essence of lesbian erotica. So I waited for the restraint to be lifted.

Thankfully that moment comes on page 66 in Cheryl Clarke's "Nothing"

"Nothing I wouldn't do for the
woman I sleep with when no
body satisfy me the way she do."

And having made the promise, the short poem delivers—intensely.

"kiss her in public places
win the lottery
take her in the ass in a
train lavatory
sleep three in a single bed
have a baby
to keep her wanting me"

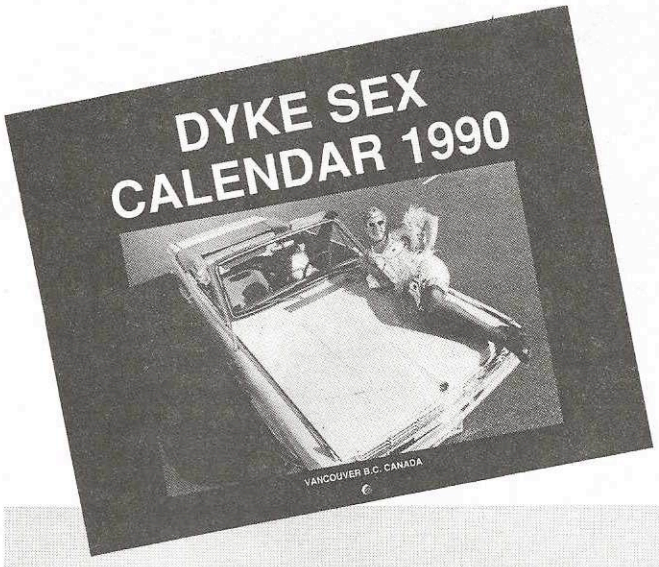
and in verse three:

"sell my car
tie her to the bedpost and
spank her
lie to my mother
let her watch me fuck
my other lover
miss my only sister's wedding
to keep her wanting me.

Until that poem the anthology feels to me like a threshold that I can't cross. Sometimes this book is just too polite, occaisonally political righteous, and sometimes downright tedious. But beneath most of these

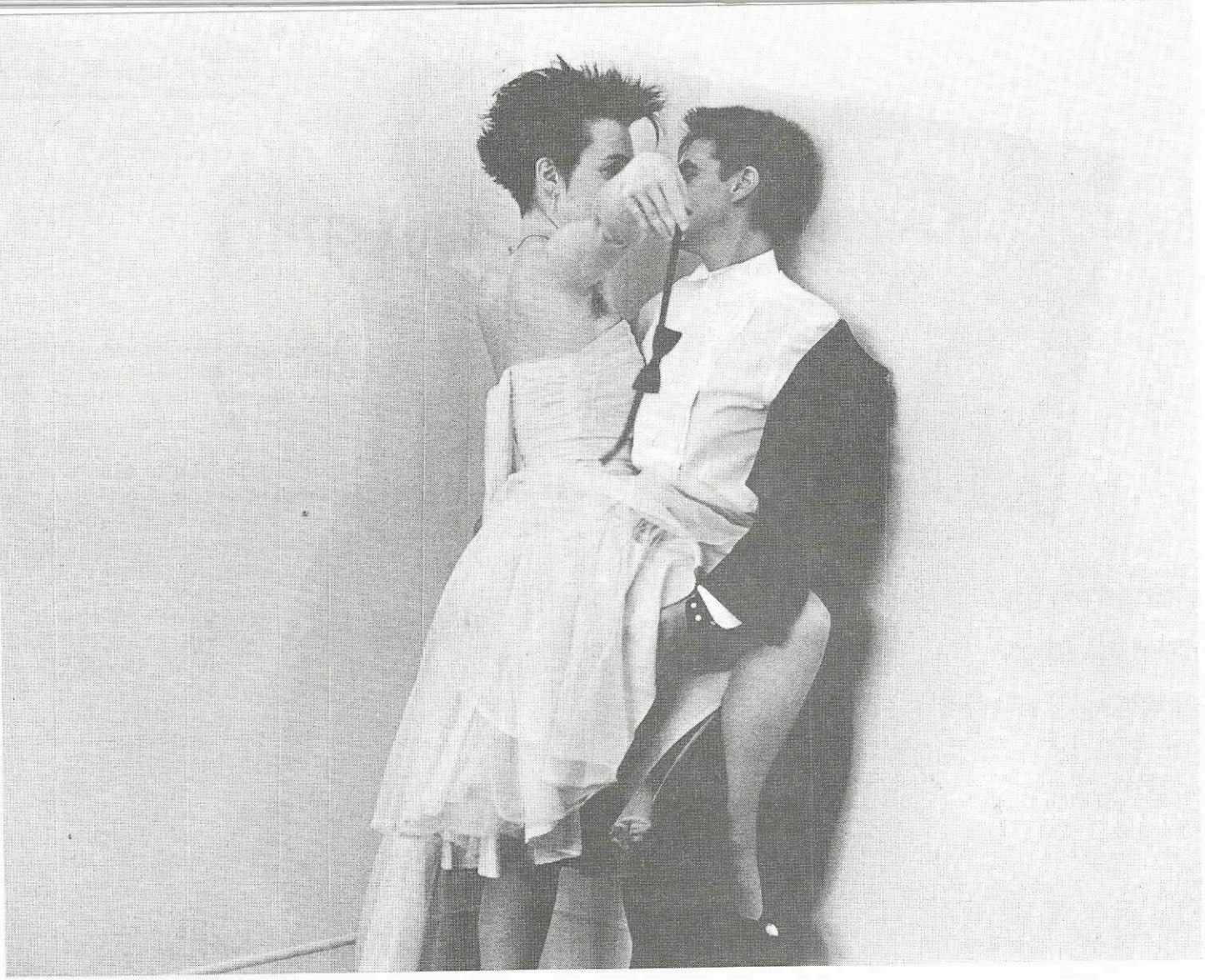
(continued on page 36)

JILL POSENER



October ***Models:*** Suzanne Perreault is a Manitoba working class francophone who decided to push some of her Roman Catholic anti-sex teachings. Karen X. Tully is a middle class Jewish butch who is glad to be pushing sex with her.

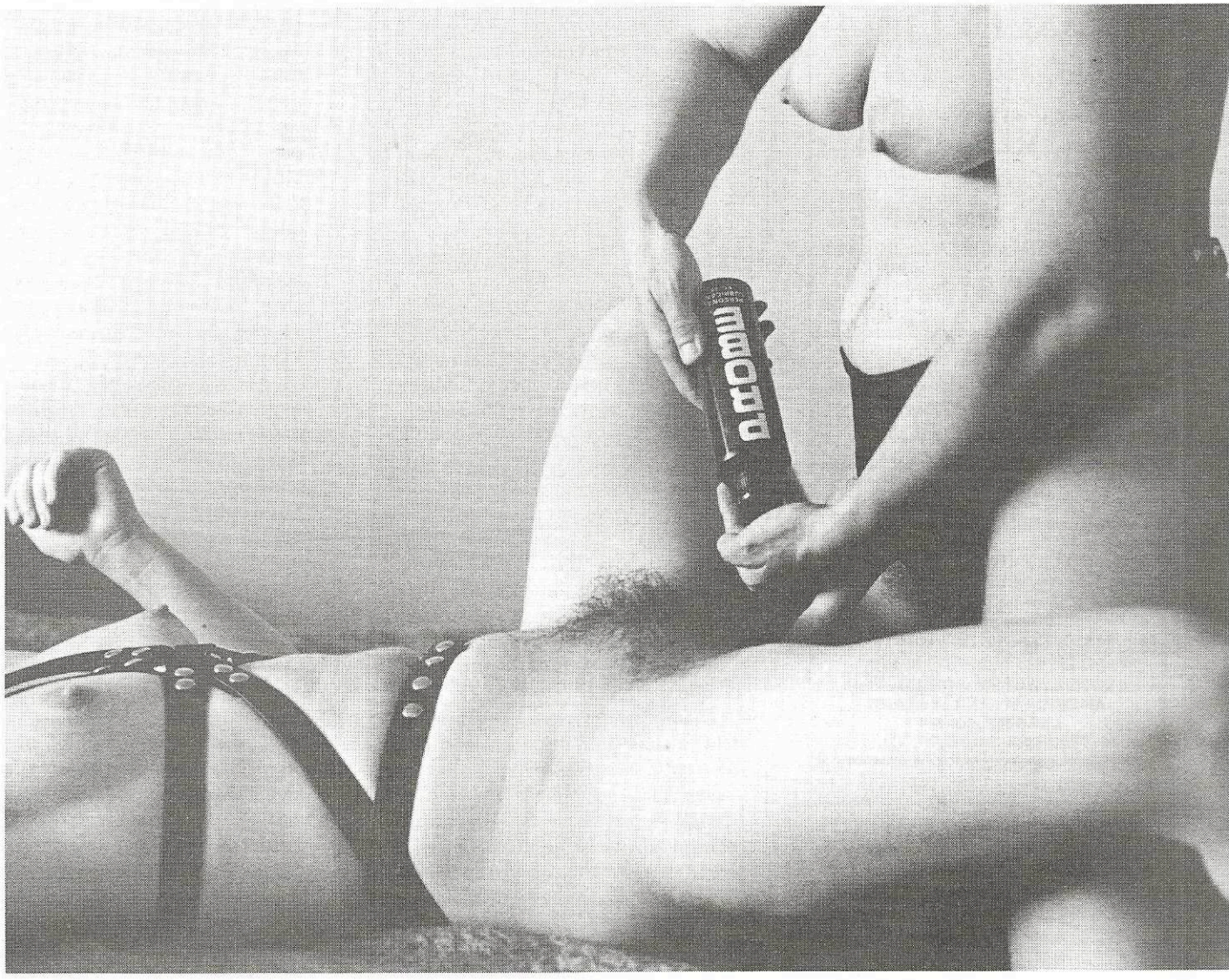
Photographer: Unknown, but there is a rumor that this photo was found in a stolen Royal Canadian Mounted Police file called "Lesbians & Other Subversives."



August ***Models:*** Mickey McCaffrey is a working class, Irish/Hungarian femme who can do wonders with a 1950's style prom dress. Mary Brookes, "I'm a stunningly attractive dyke, but you can't tell 'cause the bitch has her hand in front of my face."
Photographer: Lola Loveit, "Come up and see me some time."

PUBLISHED BY DYKES ON THE WALL PRODUCTIONS, VANCOUVER , B.C. CANADA
AVAILABLE FROM GAY & LESBIAN BOOKSTORES IN THE USA.

May ***Models:*** Bonita Bottom is an American Jewish dyke who will do just about anything for a fem in high heels and a black lace bra. Genvieve D'Amour, la creme de la femmes, who once thought of taking her talents to the stage. "Now I do private performances only."
Photographer: Snap Shutter, a 36 year old butch who came out in the bars and just kept going back for more.



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REVIEWS *(continued from page 32)*

calm exteriors, cunts and hearts are throbbing.

I read "Letters Long Distance to A Lover" by Esther Kahn out loud to a lover in bed, one Jew to another, and we laughed out loud with identification and memory.

> We run in the streets, we run behind our front doors, we eat olives,fuck each other senseless, drowning in wetness, tongues drawing fruit and juice inside our Jewish mouths, a thousand tastes and memories.
>
> I will seduce you, touch your sex on aeroplanes, shock families, bite your breast gently...all soul and open to your touch...fuck me with wide open eyes and speak to me.
>
> Jewish lust is the turn on of your delicious nose,the trait in the middle of your face. I want to make love to your nose.
>
> I've acted out all the Jewish sexual models: I have lusted after retrousses and blond hair; I have lusted after older women; women in the street; women on buses. I have fantasized, wanked obsessively, been a voyeur. I have even shocked myself...and now in this era of silence?
>
> In this time of knowing who we are but having nowhere to go,what now? I want to fuck all the time, my cunt is a revolution, how meshuggah can you get?

These are stories attempting to bridge that gulf between the political realities of our lives (working class, disabled, Black in white land, Jewish in goyim land, immigrant on foreign territory, lesbian in straight world) and our private pleasures, our sexual dangers and erotic fantasies. Most of them are finely written, arousing, stimulating and sometimes sexy. The writing is satisfying but not always satiating. As is the case with much erotic writing, there are weaknesses in the descriptions of sex and story lines and character sometimes get lost in pursuit of the perfect literary orgasm. And on the whole this is a much more cautious collection than the American anthologies I've seen. (Dorothy Allison or Pat Califia would scream out of this anthology like a stubbed toe.) At times I missed that raunchiness of the Americans I've read, at other times I enjoyed the subtlety and the hints here.

Tina Bays, in her tale of sexual longing and fantasy "Ambivalence," left me aching and Cuntessa De Mons Veneris' "A Visit to the Hairdresser" is just about my ideal fantasy. "Perfect Stranger" by Fiona Cooper sums up delightfully the pleasure of a chance encounter and its delicious fulfillment.

The stories are varied both in content and quality, the pain of any mixed collection. Especially one burdened with the fear of feminist disapproval. This anthology created upheaval in Britain where it was published earlier this year. Amidst all the mixed reviews since publication, one lesbian newsletter in England shrieked "*Serious Pleasure* . . . Pornography by any other name," accusing *Serious Pleasure* of inciting men to RAPE lesbians! (their emphasis) So these women, all of them, have taken a risk.

Accusations of woman-hating have disturbed the publishers, but they remain convinced that they did the right thing in publishing "We are confident about the 'rightness' of publishing this book," the Collective emphasizes in the introduction. It's shocking to me that they even have to defend the existence of this book. We really do have more than the right to publish work about our lives; we have an obligation to be graphic in our celebration of our lesbianism.

There's a roll call of impressive talent here. Americans Jewelle Gomez and Terri L. Jewell and Africans Fifi and the Cuntessa rub elbows with Polish-born Maria Jastrzebska and Greek Nina Rapi. Add in the London-based Barbara Smith, Berta Freistadt and Diane Biondo and numerous others, and this collection is truly lesbian cosmopolitan.

But finally, I am left at the edge of orgasm. You stopped. Don't stop touching me. I'll come for you.

Too little dirt,too much trepidation—but girls, you really took a risk.

Next time make it Pleasure All The Way. Δ

SEXPOINT *(continued from page 14)*

sively and without control. She categorizes mere behaviors, like masturbation, as sex addictions in and of themselves as well as part of a more general cultural sex addiction.

Secondly, as Schaef emphasizes so many times, sex addiction, at any level, is a progressive disease and can be FATAL. If you fall anywhere on this scale, you may be dead quite soon, so please, get some help.

Escape From Intimacy serves as a combination of the anti–sex feminism that we've come to know and love and the "just-say-no" imperative of the 80s. The book is part of a movement that enforces traditional sexual norms by defining certain kinds of sex as requiring corrective treatment. Monogamous vanilla sex is normal; masturbation in private and in moderation might be normal; all other sexual expression is not.

As a pop–psych text, however, *Escape From Intimacy* is a failure. The fun of reading anecdotal pop psychology is to read stories about people more weird than myself and be glad I'm not as far gone. I also expect to be amused, titillated and aroused by their stories — I enjoyed reading about the kid who fucked hens but really preferred cows. Anne Schaef, however, is against this kind of voyeuristic pleasure, as it is "institutionalized sexual addiction." Thus, the stories she recounts are vague and boring, having been methodically drained of any juicy details.

By far the most exciting of these composite stories is that of Leslie, an obsessive masturbator, who began masturbating at home in private, but ended up doing it at the movies, in public toilets and while driving her car. She enjoyed the thrills of taking, risks and was almost involved in several car accidents as a result of her "addiction."

But the story gets even more pathetic. She would turn down invitations from friends and suitors in order to sit home and beat off. Thankfully, she sought help before, mid–orgasm, she drove her car into a small child.

The story about the sex addict who became a "prisoner of his lust" and eventually died in a monastery trying to avoid sex (I told you it was fatal) is questionable at best. Another sick fellow ignored his family and work so he could have sexual fantasies. He too nearly crashed his car (a recurring theme) because he was too busy thinking about sex. But these anec-

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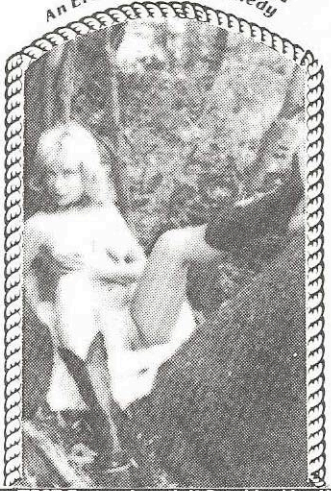

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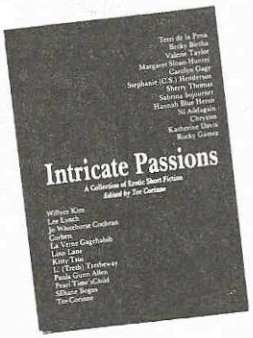

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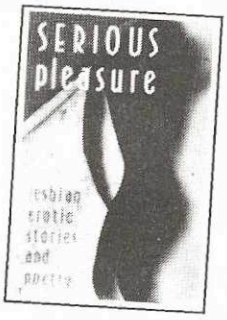

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dotes do not work as titillating or even interesting accounts of sleazy adventures.

The only voyeuristic release in *Escape From Intimacy* is Schaef's own obsession with, of all things, vomiting. In her chapter on how to become a truly intimate human being, she mentions puking in almost every paragraph. She uses the term "puking one's process" as something we are supposed to avoid in intimate relationships. She seems to mean that we shouldn't take out our aggressions on those we love, but she continually links her classifications with bodily processes. She does this in her discussion of the "sexual anorexic."

Shaef believes that sexual anorexia, a condition of compulsively avoiding sex, is as life threatening as anorexia nervosa, yet another nasty bodily assault that sick, addicted, compulsive people do. If I ever have the delightful opportunity to meet Schaef I must ask her one question: If a sexual anorexic is puking her process then isn't she really a sexual bulemic?

Bodily processes are described as sickness and death in order to categorize sex and love addiction as a physical disease. By referring to the body and using medical terminology, Schaef asserts that these addictions are at least as serious as addictions to chemicals and therefore warrant correction.

But the sexual behaviors that she discusses are not physical diseases; sexuality is not a "biological problem"! This kind of analysis ignores the many cultural, emotional, intellectual, spiritual, and perhaps biological factors that determine sexuality. She fallaciously places a whole range of sexual behavior into a disease/recovery model.

Escape From Intimacy is, however, a pseudofeminist, pseudoacademic just-say-no-to-sex book with a message; with a gospel to spread. Do it right (with one person, in a private place, without exploring power or roles, and without violence or fantasy) or don't do it at all. Schaef removes all outside factors from sexuality and turns it into an issue of disease and treatment, of right and wrong.

She continually characterizes herself as a feminist; she refers to her experiences as a NOW activist and believes in "freedom for women" and cultural revolution.

The theoretical basis of the feminist movement, however, is the idea that women should have control over their own bodies and lives, including sexual control. Unfortunately, this idea is twisted by some feminists, like Anne Shaef, and

made to restrict sexual expression. In true Andrea Dworkin fashion, she says that "the Addictive Society; and...the White Male System are the same thing, males are much more integrated into the addictiveness of society..."

The author's "feminist" attack is not on sexism, as she implies, but on sexuality itself. The very idea that the world we live in today should be expunged of sexual imagery or innuendo is preposterous, as is her notion that such a world can be achieved through global recovery from sex addiction. Who would want to live in such a sterile world?

The philosophy of sex-addiction tomes such as *Escape From Intimacy* is virulently anti-sex, and extremely persuasive to a large population. Although it is not on the *New York Times* best-seller list, tens of thousands of people will read this book; many more will read books with similar messages. Every day the cultural movement that bases its sexual analysis on an addiction and recovery model grows stronger. This kind of trend means that certain behavior will be classified as "normal" and other behavior as "dangerous disease." Masturbating in a public restroom becomes on the same level of disease as pseudo-erotic asphyxiation.

While Schaef discusses sex as a natural and healthy process, her definition of natural and healthy sexual behavior doesn't include pornography, obsessive fantasy and masturbation (though she never defines obsessive, a slight problem for a book on addiction), and sadomasochistic sex. Healthy (as opposed to diseased and lethal) sexuality is "Genuine sexual and physical intimacy that grows out of a process of intimacy that has some history. Whenever the first step to a relationship is physical or sexual attraction, red warning lights for addiction should be flashing."

Recovery, moreover, involves complete abstinence from the "problem." No more one-night stands for you if you're ever going to be healthy. Schaef exploits and insults the idea of intimacy; she uses her own rigid idea of personal closeness to promote her cause.

Everybody wants intimacy in their lives. This very human desire is used as bait to make people believe in the sex addiction morality tale. After all, who can resist the prospect of real, genuine intimacy?

But neither intimacy nor sexuality fit cookie cutter molds, and *Escape From Intimacy* can't escape from the power or diversity of sexual liberation. Now pass the vibrator. Δ

TEA & SYMPATHY *(cont'd from pg 31)*

room. I ached for contact. Finally I stood, still holding her fingers and moved around the table. My arms reached around her tight body. She smelled of cigarettes and sweat. I kissed her and found her lips ready.

"Do you have some things?" she asked evenly, rising from the chair. I immediately knew what she meant and led her to my bedroom.

I opened the drawer to the night table for her examination. "Yes, I do."

She lifted out one of my favorites.

"It's a strap–on," I said, and for the first time she smiled at me. I knelt in front of her, helping her undress and put it on. She bent to draw her hands through my hair.

She wasn't prepared to see me pull some gloves and lube out of the same drawer.

"Why are you putting those on?"

"In case," I murmured.

"What kind of case are you anyway," she said, pulling me up by my shirt collar. She stripped me roughly and carried me to the bed, placing me face down on the fresh sheets.

She lubed the dildo with the pump–top juice, put her arms around from behind and hissed in my ear, "Maybe I should take you from behind first — in case."

"Maybe you should put gloves on yourself," I shot back as she reached for my crotch.

"Snotty little bitch," she snarled, withdrawing. "Put your hands up." She took my wrists and planted my palms on the wall above the bed.

"Spread them," she said, forcing my legs apart. I smiled to myself.

Twisting my nipples, she moved the schlong between my ass cheeks, slowly, teasing me. Her fingers slid down my thighs as her cunt bumped my ass.

"Are you a safe sex slut?" she asked.

I had to laugh. I didn't want to cry anymore; I was so tired of it all. She laughed with me, caressing my arms and breasts, biting and nuzzling my neck. I felt the lump again in my throat and I whimpered. A woman. I had so longed for a woman.

It was too much. It had been too long and too many. She held me tight as I began to cry, my hands still pressed to the wall, my head lolling back against her shoulder. The sad-

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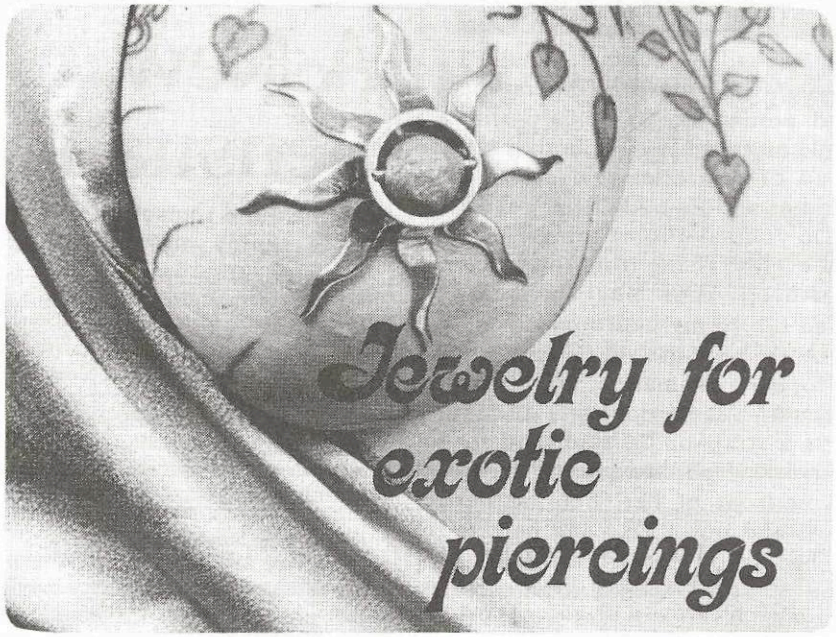

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ness rose up into my chest and I grew more limp. Gently, she repositioned my body so I was perched on top of her. She cradled me as I kissed her beautiful face, her long neck. I wanted to see her face but, between the tears and the shadows, could not. She seemed to sense this and spoke again, reassuring me.

"I'm here, baby, here for you, baby." Her fingers stroked my nipples and I fell back. With a brief struggle she entered me from below. I felt a rush of desire and grief. I stopped trying to control my tears, gasping, wanting her, sucking her into me again and again.

I rode her like a pony until she broke as well, sobbing deeply now against me. Exhilaration pierced my exhaustion just then. The tide had turned. It was her turn.

My fingers found her asshole as I blew into her ear. She sighed with pleasure as I pushed the harness out of the way with my other latex hand. Finding her slit I drove my right thumb into her moist cunt. She resisted, gasping in surprise and grabbing my shoulders hard. But I rolled my other fingers into her folds. I teased her rhythmically. We both knew how much she wanted it.

"Do me a favor?"

"What?" she panted, her hands pulling my hair once more.

"Pump some lube and rub it all over your cunt," I said firmly.

Wide-eyed, she did as I instructed.

"Mmm, much better," I said, sucking in my breath. Her tits swung back and forth in my face until I caught each nipple in my teeth and flicked them with my tongue. The tears slid down her face as she began to buck against my fingers. "Yes," she groaned, and I punched inside her, fisting and then apart.

I wanted to fuck her, comfort her, with all my might. She swore and the passion swelled as I rubbed against her walls.

"Yes, oh yes," she moaned, kissing me and cumming hard and fast.

We held and stroked each other as the spasms subsided. How much I had needed to make love with someone who had experienced the same pain and loss. Our bodies were still capable of rising to the ancient joy, despite all the sadness. My aching felt different now. Together we had reached the other side of grief. Δ

PRIVATE... *(continued from page 28)*

from the constant vibrations of the pneumatic grinder and sanding equipment. I ran my hands over the muscles of her back, felt them bunched and tense, the deep valley between her shoulders, and then the gentle rise made by the swelling mound of her cheeks.

My eyes were like weights strained by hours of staring at the transformed stone. I had polished away every imperfection on her marble skin. Why now did she feel so warm beneath my fingertips? It was time to hit the showers.

I picked up the nozzle lying on the floor and using a fine warm stream, hosed her down first; then the work area. I peeled out of my clothes and sneakers and walked naked by the door to turn off the overhead fluorescents. A few drops of water unexpectedly fell on my shoulder. From the corner of my eye there was a flash of white and the lights blew out. I was left in the dark. I reached for the door handle but I slipped, my head hitting the concrete floor like a sap. My own lights were going out fast, and my whole body was getting soaked with waterdrops — someone was hosing me down.

A creamy grey glow hovered over me. There was a familiarity to the soft light, a recognition of something I had fashioned with my own hands. It was the eyes of my statue! Her cool, hard fingers lifted me off the cement and carried me over to the large work table where I model clay. She laid me down gently on the damp sheets covering its surface.

I struggled to sit up, but she roughly pushed me back. She was strong — as marble, of course. Her eyes queried me in tender puzzlement. Her perfect fingers ran over my legs, then turned me onto my side where she could explore the fold of my ass. She grazed my pubic hair and I gasped. She pressed my pubes again, her curiosity piqued.

Pubic hair is hard to duplicate in marble. I'd just given a hint of texture to the statue's venus mons so as to suggest hair. She resembled a young adolescent woman who had developed sexually without fully maturing. Her open lips and clit hung down between her muscled thighs.

The statue parted my pubic hair and lips in one stroke with her glowing finger. She was comparing the two of us. She touched herself lightly and where she touched, it would pick up the same glow that the eyes beheld.

I inched away from the probing finger but the statue bent over and pinned me. Her arm brushed my nipples, and they began to rise and harden. The statue's eyes widened. Those hard, warming fingertips traced gently across my rounded peaks, then drew the same gazing arc across her own. Her aureoles took on that same creamy light. Everywhere she touched me, a warm, pulsing life came into some part of her. I became aware of just how perfect I had made this figure in front of me.

With each caress a brighter sense of heat inflamed her fingertips. Out of curiosity, I brushed her lips with mine. I slid my hands wherever I could reach on the firm, white body above me. She copied my every move. I couldn't resist and sucked in the hard nipple poking in front of my mouth. Her lips parted—I heard the sound like when a sunny red leaf has just dropped.

She drew back and stared at the full, hard tips she had sucked from my breasts. Her glowing fingers led a flaming path to her own tits. I reached up and stroked her perfect cheek. It warmed to my touch as well. Given unspoken liberty by my movements, she copied in kind and started to study my face. I pulled her closer to me and pressed my palms into her buttocks. In one smooth motion, she flipped me onto my stomach and I could feel her hands running lightly between my cheeks and the back hairs of my legs. As they traced down the crack, the hand suddenly stopped. Peeking over my shoulder, I could see that she had one finger in her own ass. Another look of puzzlement dimmed her eyes.

I reached up to part her thighs and took another lick at her closest nipple. It was hard like I'd expected, but I thought that it would have been even harder. I felt for the clit lips that I'd so lovingly sculpted and shaped. They were petaled open and inviting as only a passionate woman's would be. I was disappointed to find no wetness there,

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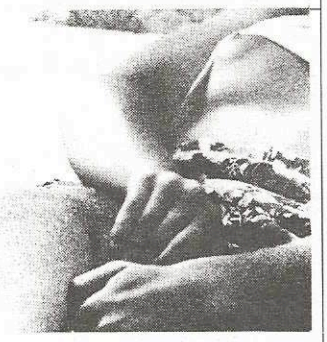

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only the fierce glowing of her smooth and silky clitoris.

I remembered the hours I'd spent using the pneumatic sander, polishing and velveting the inside of those marble lips.

As if she shared the same thought, the electric buffer turned on. I'd left it on a low setting with a clean cloth buffing wheel attached. She lightly placed the small rotating wheel in contact with my clit and the intense vibration resonated throughout me. I was so wet that it took just a few moments for the cloth to become saturated. It massaged my pleasure bud into gripping sensations that magnified until it started to hurt. I grabbed the tool, slid the hose between my legs and shoe- shined it over my pulsing clit. I slid a finger into my dilated cunt and proceeded to fuck myself.

Just as I was about to peak, she stopped my finger and pulled back the hose. I groaned in frustration, wet agony as I slumped back to the damp sheets. I felt her gentle lips back at my breasts. Her slender finger entered my deprived vagina and a cool glowing thumb stroked my swollen clit. I arched and burst with a shout. My legs locked around the pale arms as I spasmed into multi–flashes of color. My ragged, heaving chest could not suck in enough air. I blacked out.

I opened my eyes. The glow was gone. Only a shallow fire between my legs. I could hear the water drip in the dark. I lay naked and drained on top of the damp sheets. Wobbling to the door, I pulled it open, and from the outside light, I saw an outline of the statue under its dust cover.

I walked to the cloth silhouette, stumbling over curious bits and pieces of stone and clay underfoot. A moment's hesitation, and I whipped back the sheet.

The statue was there all right, but she wasn't alone, nor was she standing any longer. She was reclining with her legs spread, one knee bent. Scissored opposite between her legs was a dark figure of another woman. Clit on clit, they were locked together. They gazed ardently at each other.

My most inspired work, I thought, covering the figures over again. This piece was definitely not for sale. Δ

COMPUTER... *(continued from page 20)*

...The name is Anastasia, compliments of Sappho's. We got a date. Meet me at the corner of Pine and Market Friday night at nine...beep.

The jar of mayonnaise fell from my hands, hitting the floor with a crash. It was now time to panic.

"They got you a date already? Must have seen the desperation."

"Shut up, Justine. I'm nervous enough as it is."

"Well, who, or shall I say, what, is it?"

"I don't know. All I know is that her name is Anastasia and I have to meet her downtown Friday night."

"Anastasia?"

"Don't ask."

It was going on ten after nine as I sat at the corner, waiting for the mystery date. A blue Chevy Malibu pulled up and stopped in the middle of the street. I couldn't make out the person inside, yet I knew she was looking over at me. Whoever it was lit up a cigarette.

"You must be zero five-zero-one," she said, taking a drag.

"Are you Anastasia?" I asked.

"Yep. Why don't you come over so I can get a better look at you."

I walked slowly over to the car. She opened her door at the same time and got out to face me. There she stood, all six feet of her. I couldn't help but stare at the light blue Mohawk she sported, the black leather jacket, mini–skirt and the gold hoop in her nostril.

"Well, do you want your money back?"

"This, uh, is a surprise I wasn't expecting..."

"Yeah? So who were you expecting, Brooke Shields?"

"I, uh, I," I stammered.

"So, do you want to go dancing?" she asked. She guided us into her car and shoved a Dead Kennedys tape in the stereo.

"Yeah, sure. Uh, where to? The I–Beam? Kennel Club? Maybe the Baybrick?"

"Baybrick's closed down. I know where we can go." Anastasia smiled at me in a strange way, not calming my nerves at all.

She turned down Fifth Street, heading to the waterfront, where we pulled in front of what appeared to be an abandoned warehouse. I stayed in the car when she got out.

She poked her head inside.

"Well, are you coming or what?"

"Where are we? I know this isn't *a club."*

"Didn't you pick "B" for Question 12?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

"B, a fun–loving type of woman."

(Back at Justine's Friday night poker game)

"So. Where is Karen tonight?" Mo asked, picking up two cards.

"She had a date." Justine threw a chip on the table.

A small slit opened on the front door of the warehouse. A pair of suspicious eyes looked us over.

"What's that?" a gruff female voice asked.

"That is my date. She's okay, let us in," Anastasia said, passing a ten to the eyes.

The door opened to an enclosed gateway. A red light glowed overhead and a flight of stairs was in front of us, leading to another closed door. The sound of loud punk music thumped through the wall behind it.

"What is this place?"

"Bitch," spat the crew-cutted, bulldyke bouncer who was the pair of eyes that had let us in.

I turned to Anastasia, wondering what I'd said wrong.

"'Bitch' is the name of the club," she laughed. I followed her up the stairs. Two Anastasia look–alikes walked out, practically shoving me out of the way as they made their way down. We walked into a darkened converted-loft barroom. The music hit me with a roar.

"You wanna drink?" she screamed to me.

"I'll take a Bud," I yelled back.

Anastasia disappeared to the crowded bar, leaving me there with over a hundred pairs of eyes in leathers, ripped Levis, and spiked hair, checking me out. I looked down at my own clothes, a pair of jeans and a polo shirt.

"Mohawk her!" someone shouted. A small crowd started towards my direction. I ran over to Anastasia

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heading my way with the beers. The motley crew of lesbians ran past me to a girl cringing in the corner with her leathered lover.

"It's her 21st birthday," Anastasia said, handing me a beer. "It's a tradition around here. How old are you anyway?"

"23," I choked.

"You look so surprised by all this," Anastasia screamed in my ear.

"I never knew this type of lesbian lifestyle existed."

"Karen, not all of us are w-o-m-y-n."

At that moment, a woman dived off the stage, smashing onto our table. I leapt up to see if she was all right, but she had already jumped up and made her way back into the slam–dancing crowd of flinging limbs and hair.

"Do you wanna dance?" Anastasia asked.

"Uh, nah. I've never been too much for dancing."

"Well, ya wanna get outta here?" she sighed, putting out her cigarette.

"And go where?" I worried, although I knew nothing else could quite compare to this.

"How 'bout my place?"

"Uh, yeah, sure. Why not?" I smiled weakly, then finished my beer.

Mo threw her cards down on the table. "I'll bet the next hand that Karen gets laid tonight."

"You got a death wish or something? No one gets laid on computer dates," Justine said, shuffling the deck.

"Is it a bet or what?" Mo replied, bypassing the sarcasm.

"It's your money."

Anastasia opened the rear door of her car, motioning for both of us to get in.

"I thought we were going to your place."

"Welcome home," she laughed, pushing me inside. She closed the door behind her, climbing on top of me.

"What are you doing?" I yelled, trying to push her off. "We're in the back seat of a car in some godforsaken place."

"Oh, come on. You do do this sort of thing, don't you?" she said, stroking my breasts, kissing my neck.

"Well, yeah, but we just met and I..." I tried to say until she covered my mouth with her hand.

"No talking. Just lay back and take it like a woman," she said. I stared at her wide-eyed. She was serious.

What the hell. I pulled her down and let her kiss me some more.

"Mmm," she moaned, tearing my shirt in half at the collar. "Uhnn... you're so aggressive," I panted, as she sucked on my tit.

"Eliminates obstacles."

Justine, how are we going to know if 'it' happens with Karen any way?" Mo asked, relighting her cigar.

"Well, it's been about a year since she had any, and if she does, she'll be singing it from the rooftops tomorrow morning," Justine calmly replied, sorting out her hand.

"That move is going to steam up the windows," I winced, Anastasia's semi–dry fist slowly entering me.

"Well, sorry, it's spit or nothing. I forgot the lube," she said, pulling my leg over her shoulder.

She stroked her fist carefully inside of me. I moved with her until I stretched enough to allow more freedom of movement. She rubbed my clit with her other hand, keeping up the pace with her pumping fist.

I gripped the car seats as Anastasia went full throttle within me. "God, slow down girl," I groaned.

"Oops, sorry, I was just thinking of my favorite Sex Pistols song."

"Well, let's just concentrate on Barry Manilow for now, okay?" I sighed, lowering myself back down on the seat in relief.

"Well, it's going on midnight, Jus, and Karen hasn't called yet. It's about that time of the night when those things are happening." Mo smiled slyly.

"I thought it was two, when the bars closed," Justine yawned, opening another beer.

"It's blue," I said, surprised, staring at Anastasia's pubic hair with her legs over my shoulders.

"Well, whaddya expect?" she laughed, pushing my face against her. For a treat such as this, I was expecting maybe blueberry–flavored, but I settled for the usual.

I parted the lips, flicking my tongue against her clit and then inside. Going in and out and back over. Anastasia grabbed my hair, arching forward in a deep groan as I buried myself within her, sucking intensely.

"It's going on two. You might as well pay up," Mo said, open palm extended.

"Oh, come on, Mo, she could be dancing for all we know."

"So, can I have your phone number?" I asked, looking up from between her legs as Anastasia lay smoking.

"I already gave it to you," she said, passing me the cigarette.

"When?" I asked, puzzled.

"I wrote it on your ass while we were sixty–nining."

"Well, what do you think?"

"I don't know, it's hard to tell while she's sleeping."

Mo walked around the bed, inspecting me as I lay there peacefully. "I can't see any hickeys or lipstick smears anywhere," she whispered.

"Maybe it didn't happen," Justine hoped with a smile.

"You wish. She was out until four this morning, Justine. Something had to have happened," Mo said, lifting my blanket to get a closer look.

"I say we wake her up and ask."

"Christ, Mo, It's seven a.m.," Justine yelled, jarring me fully awake.

I rolled over with a groan to blurry images of Justine and Mo standing over me.

"What the hell?" I mumbled, looking at the clock.

"How did your date go?" Justine asked, fingers crossed behind her back.

"You guys broke into my apartment to ask me that?"

"Come on, tell us," Justine said. Both hands had crossed fingers now.

"You've got to be kidding," I said, rolling over and pulling the blanket to my shoulders.

"Wait a minute." Mo reached for the corner of the sheet that half exposed my ass cheeks. "What's '826-9742'?"

"News at eleven," I smiled, falling back asleep.

"Pay up, Justine." Δ

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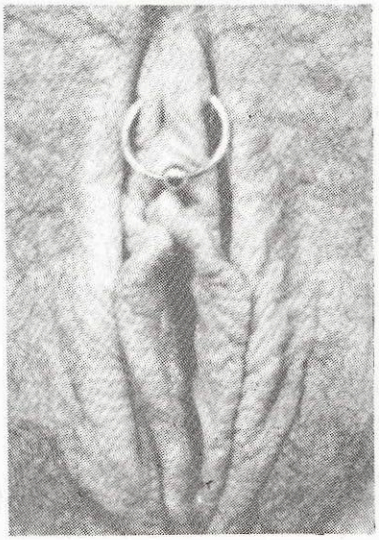

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CONTRIBUTORS

Marea Murray is a frequent contributor to our lesbian sex sister paper, *Bad Attitude.* A dyke therapist in Boston, she writes about and acts on AIDS and hopes "Tea" will inspire more safer-sex writing and practice. **Lucy Linderman** likes eating excessively, fucking furiously and acting addictively. **Deanna J. Locke** works in the high-tech field of mainframe computers. She has written a number of stories to induce sleep in her lover, and hopes to enhance other lesbians' libraries by providing high-quality erotica. **Mickey Warnock** is a frequent contributor to *On Our Backs.* **Kris Kovick,** a San-Francisco based caroonist has a muff that looks like a cross between a hungry albino racoon and giraffe's ears. "I wish I could get my hair and fingernails to match."

Ellen Evans has recently become entrenched in Chinese masturbation philosophy and will no longer leave her room. **Laura Brill** has recently embarked on a career in erotic cheese slicing. After a recent visit to San Francisco, **Della Disgrace**, smuggled dildos and gay men's porn back into England in time to do "Girls will be Boys" at Chain Reaction. **Katherine Enos** is a San Francisco filmmaker and still photographer who is looking for models with body piercing. British photographer **Grace Lau's** provocative work has been published everywhere from *Antique Collector* to *Skin Two.* **M. Debra & Lauren** are in a monogamous relationship. They regularly test for HIV and both are negative—hence the absence of gloves during cutting: *Practice Safe Sex.*

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